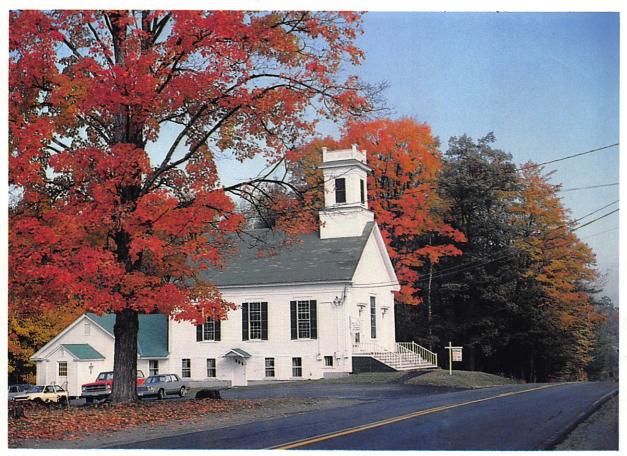


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Vol. Seven, No. Nine

September, 1984



New England Steeples by Juanita Perkins

Young People's Writing Winners
Bryant Pond Conservation School
Wedgeworks Potters in Cornish
Skowhegan School of Painting & Sculpture



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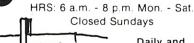
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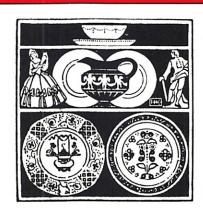
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DINING OUT

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Sunset over Lake Christopher, Bryant Pond

The Red Barn, Skowhegan School of Painting & Sculpture







BitterSweet Views for September

I had a wonderful visit back into the past recently, thanks to Don and Madeline French of Parsonsfield. Don's father George French was a photographer in the early and middle parts of this century, beginning when he photographed his way through college and continuing until his death in 1970.

George's work was well known during his lifetime, published in *Coronet* magazine, *Down East*, and several popular books. There is a treasure trove of past photography of much of New England in the old house where the Frenches still live. It was probably the most photographed house in Maine at one time, as it appeared often in French illustrations. I had wondered what happened to George French photographs. Then Glory Dunn of our staff said, "I know where they are..."

I spent a glorious July afternoon in that house, looking at hundreds of pictures and being entertained by Don French's humorous tales of the past (even though he'd rather have been mowing). I found there much that you will be seeing in this and future issues. And I'm grateful for the opportunity to bring it to all of you.

On the Cross Roads page this month, you will see one of George French's most famous photos: Bringing the Cows Home in East Fryeburg. On this page are his photos of Waterford and South Waterford—villages which have not changed much in the approximately forty years since these were taken. There's the tree-shaded "Flat," there's my uncle's barn, which tragically burned. There's the old cider mill, which now sports a coat of new shingles and has become a home. You will see other French photographs at *Can You Place It?*

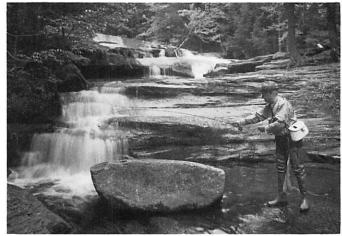
Seeing the photo of the old barn reminded me of barns from my past. Rope swings, cisterns full of ever-running water, haylofts for reading and solitude, milk warm from the cows, beautiful trotting horses—all were part of my childhood. Fortunate are those children with a barn in their life.

Children, of course, are the rest of BitterSweet's September focus. We know you will enjoy our wonderful writing from young people, for the third year. We also take a look at several interesting educational opportunities. The northcountry has much to offer.

Nancy Marcotte

While I'm thinking about going back to school, I'd like to add a p.s. to this month's column. It concerns something I pon-Page 4...





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Cross Roads



George French Photo

- 1 Sunset over Lake Christopher by Lillian P. Davis. Red Farm, courtesy Skowhegan School of Painting & Sculpture.
- The Move to Maine for Young Professionals by Jennifer Wixson. Photos by Wixson and Bill Haynes.
- 7 Wedgeworks: Special Student Potters. Photos & story by Charlene Barton.
- 9 Young People's Writing Contest Winners Nancy Chase, Christopher Winslow, Lynn Robinson, Jim Marean, Amy Cotton, Kim O'Donnell, Michelle Cobb, Mark Levine, Julie Brooks, Mari Jo Spurr, Erin Connor, Kelly Jean Vining, Julie Bell, Lucille Carter & Kim Wade.
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Cover: New England Steeple in Center Lovell, Maine by Juanita Perkins of Lovell.

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Ayah

CIVIL WAR ACCURACY

I don't mean to be critical, but in your May edition you published photographs accompanying the article entitled: "How the Civil War Came to New England." These photographs are purported to have come from the Civil War Era but I disagree with that claim.

The men portrayed in the pictures are wearing uniforms of a style not adopted by the U.S. Army until the 1870's. If you look at any other photographs you will immediately see the difference. Also, the rifles the men are firing look more like the old "Trap Door" Springfields which were not produced until 1873, I believe.

You will also notice the kerosene lamps hanging in the tent and from a pole in the photographs on page 8. The petroleum industry began in 1859 and during the war (1861-65) was an infant industry. Kerosene was not widely used during the war; candles and whale oil lamps were, with the former

. . . BitterSweet Views

dered as I stood bus duty at my school last year: the nobility of school bus drivers. That's a very thankless profession (probably second only to teaching!), one that cuts the day up, pays only average, but requires great stamina, patience, and perseverance.

These people learn first aid, take responsibility for transporting sixty noisy children over all terrains in all weather, with safety, on a tight schedule. Their success speaks for itself. We trust our children to them and they deserve our thanks. There's more that we can do. We can hold back from complaining when school is called off - it's not the bus drivers' fault, and it is for the kids' safety. If we are parents, we can make sure that we don't hold up the schedule. All of us can watch extra carefully for buses as we travel. And, most importantly, we can teach our children politeness and the rules of good bus behavior. (Have you ever tried to drive sixty noisy, rude people anywhere?)

Happy back-to-school!

being most prevalent. I have searched through several photographs taken during the war and in none of them have I seen that particular style of lantern which became popular in the 1870's at the time when the petroleum industry grew rapidly. This would also tend to support my belief that those photographs were taken in the post-Civil War Era.

While we are on the subject of the photographs, the only photographers who, to my knowledge, traveled with the army were Mathew Brady, George Barnard, Alexander and James Gardner, George Cook, and Timothy O'Sullivan. Photography was a crude art form at the time of the war, being itself only 22 years old at the war's outbreak. Cameras were cumbersome and the process itself required that equipment be transported in large wagons. Photography also developed rapidly after the war and the clarity of these pictures, rarely found in Civil War photographs also suggests that they were taken in a later era. Since the time required for exposure was long and the subjects had to stand perfectly still, no "action" photographs were ever taken during the Civil War. The "firing-line" photograph on page 7 would have been blurred due to the movement of the men had it been taken in the Civil War era.

Some more notes about the uniforms: the uniforms in these pictures seem to be of a light brown color; the Union Army uniform was blue. Civil War soldiers carried their cartridge boxes on separate belts that went over the shoulder; these men are wearing them on their waists—a feature adopted in the 1870's. The standard Civil War headgear was the "kepi" styled after the French Army, not slouch hats as these men are wearing. Slouch hats became standard in the 1870's-80's.

These aforementioned details prove, to me at least, that these were not photographs of the Civil War but of a bit later time. I would be interested to know what others think. I have been a Civil War history buff for years and I think I am correct.

Aside from this, your magazine is excellent. Please keep up the good work. I am so glad you have gone back to the larger size. Thank you.

Dana George Deering Gorham, Maine

Ed. Note: Mr. Deering is probably correct. The photographs were not labelled thoroughly when left to Norway Memorial Library.

MARCH MEMORIES

We received our March issue...and want to tell you how very much I enjoy your "I Am a Farmer's Wife." Even though we do not live on a farm now, we do live in the country and can appreciate "shoveling snow up around the buildings," "popcorn with the grandchildren," but most of all memories of my grandparents and their farm with their Queen Atlantic cook stove. I can still smell and remember the texture of the rolled oats cooked all night on that old stove...they never taste quite the same now! Could we not go on for hours?

Evelyn Potter Kents Hill, Maine

It may be too late to refer to your March issue, page 4, and the untitled poem, but could its anonymous author have been a Gilbert and Sullivan fan? Compare the duet in Patience, act II, in par thus:

"A most intense young man, A soulful-eyed young man, An ultra-poetical, super-aesthetical, Out-of-the-way young man!"

Walter W. Wright Paris, Maine

POETRY

BitterSweet is a joy to read and share. I like Rick Crockett's poetry and am grateful for your introduction; now I'm looking for his book.

Betty Blanchard Bedford, Massachusetts

HISTORY LESSONS

I enjoyed your coverage when you were in the Norway-South Paris area as it was familiar to me. And now you are in Cornish, one of the stations on the old Mountain Division of the Maine Central. Our station was White Rock (next below Sebago Lake) and we went to high school in Westbrook on the Maine Central.

> Lillian B. Strout Lake Worth, Florida

I just returned from three weeks visiting with my family in Maine. I picked up all the BitterSweet magazines I could find while I was there. I really enjoyed the "history lessons" that didn't mean much to me while I was growing up. BitterSweet is one of the best local magazines I have found. Thank you for creating it. Maine has a special place in all our hearts. Even to the people who cannot be there for a variety of reasons.

Betty Everett Quick Glendive, Montana

Page 33 . . .

Why do young professionals do it?



Rick Brown

Rick Brown, Dawn Patterson, and Mark Mogensen don't have much in common. Brown, a Massachusetts native, is a union representative. Ms. Patterson, a typesetter, was raised in Tennessee. And Mogensen is a journalist, originally from Connecticut. Yet all three share a common bond—they've chosen to make Maine their home.

"Growing up, you dream of living on a tropical island," Brown says. "But when reality set in, I found I was attracted to the fundamentals of getting married, buying a house, settling down in a small town. I felt Maine was the place I could do that."

A check with Maine's Human Services Data Research Division reveals that Brown, Patterson and Mogensen aren't alone. They represent a growing number of young people moving to Maine. Not only has the number of people aged 25 to 35 increased 4% since 1981, but the number of young professionals nearly doubled in Maine from 1970 to 1980. Why?

For Brown, 30, it was a chance to put down roots. He spent six years on the road travelling for the United Food and Commercial Workers Union before feeling his "biological clock" running out. Although he had a scattering of homes and relatives from Delaware to Salem, N.H., he had no place to really call his own...until he drove through Yarmouth, Maine, last fall.

"I went by the big white church," Brown recalls expressively, "and all the leaves were like a starburst of color against the blue sky. There were little antique shops all in a row and it struck me as such a quaint, coastal community. All of a sudden a feeling came over me and I knew...this was where I belonged."

Brown developed a plan of action to get off the road and move to Maine. Just before Thanksgiving he landed a job as Chief Executive Officer of the Auburn local. Today he calls Yarmouth "home."

"This is where I want to be," he says, with the pride of a native. "Maine has a quiet lifestyle I feel comfortable in. I can go into different restaurants and pubs

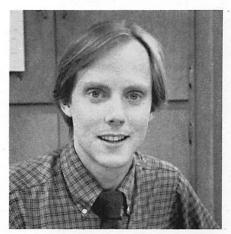
THE MOVE TO MAINE by Jennifer Wixson

and know people and they know me. How many places can you say that about?"

Dawn Patterson moved to Maine for a slightly different reason. She was born in Bangor. When her family moved her to Tennessee at age two, she left her heart behind.

"I'd been wanting to come back to Maine ever since a visit ten years ago," the enthusiastic 30-year-old remembers. "In the summer of '82 some possibilities opened up and I thought, 'Gee, could I really go back to Maine?!"

Though she had only made brief visits to Maine since leaving the state more than 25 years earlier, she packed her bags and headed north where some of her mother's family still lived. After



Mark Mogensen

scanning the state and local newspapers, she found two job possibilities for type-setters: in Biddeford and in Norway at Western Maine Graphics. The Biddeford job she felt negative about, but like Brown, she experienced a revelation when she got to Norway.

"When I drove up to the building I said, 'Yup, this is it! This is where I'm going to work!' " she recalls.

Although the company had already filled the position, Ms. Patterson didn't give up hope. Less than a week later, she got the call. The typesetting job was hers.

She moved into a boarding house on Main Street and began the search for the right apartment. When nothing she liked opened up, Ms. Patterson decided she could spend the winter in the boarding home. A couple of weeks later, she stumbled onto an ad in the local newspaper, APARTMENT FOR RENT. Sure enough, it was the place she had envisioned.

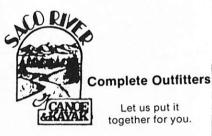
"When I asked my landlady why she hadn't rented the apartment yet, though she'd shown it several times," Dawn says, "she looked at me and said, I guess I was just waiting for you."

"I like the Oxford Hills," Patterson concludes. "I'm content here. Why should I be anywhere else?"

Mark Mogensen is in Maine for a different reason. A native of Connecticut, Mogensen has been in every U.S.



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Attention: Fred Westerberg Registered Maine Guide state at least twice and travelled extensively throughout the world.

"I live and work in Maine because I want to be here," says the 28-year-old reporter for the Lewiston Sun-Journal's Sunday. "But it's not so much that I like small towns, it's more that I don't like large cities."

The Auburn resident made only one prior trip to Maine before deciding to attend the University of Maine at Orono in 1974. First attracted to UMO's forestry program, he later switched his major to journalism, and during his junior year interned at the *Maine Times*.

"That was when I began to get an understanding of the state policies such as environmental and land use," Mogensen says. "They were attractive to me as well as seeing part of the state that I hadn't seen before. That built up a foundation, a desire to possibly make this my home."

At UMO, also, Mogensen formed another attachment, to Bangor native Chris Gillis. They eloped last summer, and later exchanged rings at an informal ceremony in Bar Harbor.

As the years and the jobs went by after graduation, Mogensen found himself increasingly attracted to the state. Although he left several times—for Vermont, Long Island, Europe—he always found himself coming back.

"Maine kind of grew on me to the point where I would want to live here the rest of my life," he admits.

Mogensen especially likes the atmosphere of concern for the working person and the environment. He also feels comfortable with a slower, more casual lifestyle. But most of all, he just likes "today."

"I'm in Maine because of days like today," he says, with an expressive wave of his hand. "Today was just gorgeous. The leaves were sprouting and the sky was a beautiful blue. There was almost no wind.

"It was the kind of a day," he continues, "where, if I hadn't been working, I would have taken a 20 minute ride down to Wolf Neck Woods State Park and spent the total day with nature."



Dawn Patterson

And who knows whom Mogensen might have run into. Dawn Patterson, perhaps. Or Rick Brown. Or maybe some other young professional who was thinking of taking the big step to make Maine his home. Mark Mogensen would have said more than "hello."

Jennifer Wixson is a free-lance journalist in Poland Spring, Maine. One of BitterSweet's original writers, she will be seen here in the future. We're glad to have her back. The photographs of Mogensen and Brown are hers. The photo of Dawn Patterson is by Bill Haynes, courtesy of Western Maine Graphics.



WEDGEWORKS

"Pleasant, polite and positive, the "Potters" work at the top of their potential. It sounds like an exercise in alliteration, doesn't it? Yet it perfectly describes a group of students whom I have taught and from whom I have learned a lot during the past years."

by Charlene Barton

The "Potters" are, in fact, the Wedgeworks Potters of Sacopee Valley High School. They are a special group of students in every sense of the word. The group consists of Educable Mentally Retarded and Trainable Mentally Retarded students from Nancy Jamerson's special education class. Several students from the mainstream participate, as well, because they enjoy people and like to work with clay.

The "Wedgeworks" workshop in clay was developed four years ago to help the participants increase attention spans, strength and coordination, and to provide a creative outlet that was missing in their curriculum. It is also intended to meet the need for prevocational training. In the rural area around S.V.H.S., jobs are hard to find. "Wedgeworks" circumvents this problem by creating a job market while providing students

with skills and a marketable

product.

The initial spark of enthusiasm came from the students themselves. Mrs. Jamerson and I took them to a district wide exhibit of student art and were impressed at their excitement and interest in the pottery projects on display. It occurred to us that it would be wonderful for these boys and girls to have an opportunity to work with clay on a regular basis.

A model for such a workshop existed in the "Spindleworks" program at Brunswick High School where mentally handicapped students work intensively at spinning and weaving, developing into creative and competent artists and craftspersons. Mrs. Jamerson and I discussed the idea with Dewaine Craig, then the high school principal. He was most enthusiastic. He suggested that we put the program on paper, define our objectives and goals, plan our course of study for the first year, and apply for a grant.

Unfortunately, we did not get the grant, but we gained something more important: an exciting new program to meet the needs of a special group of students. About that time, Superintendent of Schools John Hoyt Invested in our first equipment by purchasing a potter's wheel from a teacher who was moving.

We had our program planned, we had an essential piece of equipment, we had the support of the administration and we had eager participants. We were all

Wedgeworks-special ed. & mainstream potters. Front row (l. to r.): Greg Sanborn, Michael Archer, Patrick Cote, Theresa Thorne. Back: Gerald Woodsome, Toni Field, Vicki Strout, John Strout, Barbara Smith, Michelle Chute.



set! Well, almost. A few problems remained to be solved. We had no art room and Mrs. Jamerson's room was too small to accommodate the potter's kick wheel. We had no kiln and I had no experience working with clay.

One by one, obstacles were overcome. We stored the kick wheel in my barn. Handbuilding would be a more logical place to start, anyway. Bob Logan, Industrial Arts teacher at S.V.H.S., offered the use of his kiln as did Sandra Mills of Sandy's Ceramics and Rilda Rebmann of the Tripptown Pottery School. I bought books about pottery and ceramics. They only served to intimidate me. Then Rilda Rebmann came into my kitchen with a plastic tablecloth and some slabs of clay. After a few sessions with her, I felt that there were things that I could share with the "Wedgeworkers." We invested in one hundred pounds of

> clay and some plastic tablecloths. We were in business!

The first year was a busy and exciting learning experience for all of us. We learned handbuilding techniques like pinching and coiling clay and practiced preparing slabs of clay. We fired and glazed our work, then fired our work again. We found out how difficult it is to move greenware in and out of school and car to fire it in a kiln. No matter how careful we were, breakage was inevitable.

We learned about marketing as we priced our goods for sale. Most items were under a dollar. Our first sale before Christmas at the local I.G.A.





Potter Rilda Rebmann helps Patrick Cote at the wheel.

Theresa Thorne, Mrs. Jamerson, Greg Sanborn wax bottoms of pots before glazing.

was a sell-out! We took a field trip to April LaBree's Shaving Hill Pottery Shop to see what a real studio was like. We all worked on self-portraits and selected Toni Field's to be used as our logo. We ordered business cards with our new logo and paid for them with profits from our sale. We also purchased t-shirts and silk screened them with our logo. And we held workshops for other students in our District. In these workshops, each Wedgeworker becomes teacher for a time, sharing his skill and knowledge with participants.

We were delighted to begin our second year in a real studio because of a program called "Follow a Child." This is a federal program that provides funds to help meet the needs of students who have been in state institutions, when they enter public schools. Two Wedgeworkers qualified for this program. Mrs. Jamerson and Denise Smith, Director of Special Services in District #55, felt that investing in our pottery program would be good use of these funds. A beautiful large kiln and an electric potter's wheel were purchased. A room at S.V.H.S. was designated "art room" and the new equipment and the old kick wheel from my barn were moved in. The new studio-art room benefitted Sacopee students in Design and Drawing classes as well as elementary students in the district who now could create with clay because of our large, efficient kiln. Having our own space meant a lot to us. We continued to work hard, to learn more and to share experiences. We tackled the challenge of working on the wheel with Rilda's help and we made a film about our work. Among these shared experiences are several that are very

several that are very special to me.

Greg Sanborn is a Wedgeworker who is fascinated with round things. He collects spools, movie reels and balls of string. He was, of course, most intrigued with the potter's wheel and liked to sit on the floor beside it as his classmates took turns "throwing." When Greg's turn came, he was absolutely radiant! I honestly have never seen a person look so happy. His face was transformed with joy. I suddenly understood the cliche about faces "lighting up" with happiness. Greg seemed to have a halo and I speculated about saints—perhaps they, too, had an inner joy that gave them radiance like Greg's. Perhaps that's why they are always pictured with circles of light around their heads.

Two years ago we invited the clients at the Cornish Resource Center to come to our Sacopee studio for a workshop. The clients were mentally handicapped adults and many had spent most of their lives in institutions such as Pineland Center. Some had physical handicaps, also. The high school students watched with interest as these people climbed the stairs to the art room. Coming in contact with exceptional adults increased their awareness of handicapped people and made them more sensitive to their unique problems. One of the men, a small person in his mid-thirties, shook my hand and, with an enormous smile, told me how happy he was to be with us. "All my life I have wanted to go to school," he said. "I never have been before." I was very touched that an experience which many of us take for granted could mean so much to him. I was grateful that I could share in his joy that day.

The same year we were invited to present a program before a state-wide gathering of special education teachers and school administrators. It was held at the Eastland (now Sonesta) Hotel. We rode the school bus on the hour-long trip to Portland. We trudged over the red carpet into the lobby carrying boxes of pottery, bags of clay and our potter's wheel. Eyes were surely big, but got even bigger as we sat down to lunch in the ballroom. I had forgotten a camera, but found someone to take a picture of the Wedgeworkers seated at linencovered tables amid silver and china and with crystal chandeliers overhead. I really didn't need a snapshot. I'll never forget how they looked!

It was off to Bangor International Jetport and Hilton Hotel for a similar conference the next year. The "Potters" were happy and excited as we loaded all the pottery paraphernalia on the bus for our three hour trip. This time we had suitcases along; we would stay overnight. There was some confusion regarding our reservations and all eight girls and women had to share one room. It was wall-to-wall beds and bodies and only one bathroom! The three boys stayed in the next room with bus driverchaperone, Arthur Montgomery. We were on the sixth floor, directly over the runway. The girls giggled, crunched crackers and watched the jets come and go until I insisted upon sleep. When we awoke, Toni commented, "I was practicing my part all night!" That was quite a revealing remark. I sometimes wondered how seriously the students took their part in the program. Now I know that I was not the only one lying awake,

Page 34 . . .

INDIAN SUMMER

Your summertime has fled my castle wall; The gates rust open, unlocked, without keys. My magic can't make summer out of fall— A leaf slips earthward with each wayward breeze.

The sun brings scents of honesty and earth And memories of your kisses yesterday. The blissful Indian summer days are worth No less when they untimely pass away. The autumn holds, in all the auburn leaves, The russet warmth I once saw in your eyes. Though Earth, with me, in dread of winter, grieves

In barrenness as Indian summer dies, I won't forget the warmth, however brief. I sadly let you fall, my autumn leaf.

Nancy Chase

AMBITION

I have dreams Great dreams, But you say You're still too young

to know about life.
You may decide
to be a housewife
or a secretary
or a clerk selling groceries.

Don't dream. Be practical. Conform.

I wish you'd keep life's secrets to yourself and let me dream my dreams.

Nancy Chase

REQUIEM

When I die
Let wolves gather 'round my bones,
Let the spiral circling of eagles
Mark my grave.
Let the winds cry greetings to my spirit
as I rise to fly with them.
Let no man hide my body
In the sunless earth.
Merely let me lie in the warm grass
And, with my sisters the stars,
Rejoice.

Nancy Chase

WEB

There you sit,
Motionless
In the center of your web,
Weaving a dew-sparkling snare of moonlight
and mist
To catch the dream that flies on rainbow's
wings.

Third Annual



oung People's Writing Contest Winners

But the web is fragile in the hot summer And the wings of dreams are strong. There you sit,
Motionless,
Watching with web-clouded eyes
As the dream escapes, dancing out of sight,
And you remain,
Black and bitter,
In your own snare,
Motionless,
With your fingers all around you
Clutching the web
That binds you to your illusions.

Nancy Chase, 18 So. Waterford, Maine Oxford Hills High School

EPITAPH

The world is done with me, and from here on I sleep.

No more the shadows to fear nor darkness in which they creep.

Status doesn't concern me. My mind is at rest. I was not lowest of my people, nor was I the best.

My life was a mediocre one. Uneventfully my days came. I was not one for chances; I just followed the game.

And now looking back, I regret not things done, but the things passed over, and things that didn't come.

When I turn to a new life, I will say to myself then: Remember not what I was, but what I could have been.

> Christopher Winslow, 18 Harrison, Maine Oxford Hills High School

VANTAGE

I sit above the world and I hear the people say to me, "Why must you sit above us while we grovel down below?" My reply is only that they can sit with me, for I am no greater than anyone else. I have no power over others and if they can, they may join me up above. I have no greater worth than anybody else. I just have a taller seat.

Christopher Winslow

FRANTIC

I await your arrival, my nervousness hidden. I wander about the room while my friends introduce their dates.

They ask the whereabouts of mine. I reply sadly, "On her way."
They laugh at this and tease me;
"She isn't coming!" they taunt.

I ignore them. What do they know?
"You'll be here," I think.
Then doubts cloud my mind.
I sit down, dazed,
wondering where you could be.
"Maybe she's not coming!"
"Maybe she went somewhere else."
Panic forms and I start to pace.
My friends are singing and dancing.
I walk a lonely circle about
the floor, unhappiness taking
over.

Then you appear at the door and a smile covers my face. "Sorry I was late," you say, and I reply, "That's all right, I wasn't worried."

Christopher Winslow



EUNION

Jeff looked down at his battered dog tags. He once again recalled the surge of pride he had felt when first slipping them on some years before.

Scenes of the past, like dreams, haunted the back of Jeff's mind. His mother had cried the day they found out he was going overseas. She couldn't understand why her son had to be the one to leave. Let them take care of themselves—fight their own battles for a change. However useless, Jeff had tried to explain to her one last time. As he left he assured her that he was one of the lucky ones. He could help people be free.

The streets of Washington, D.C., were unusually crowded for the time of year. The people seemed to swim in and out of Jeff's view. Many wore dog tags as old as his own. Faces came closer, became almost recognizable and then once again were lost in the crowd. A rugged man clad in roughrider jacket and dark pants moved towards Jeff. Not until Jeff caught a familiar glow in the dark green eyes did he recognize him. "Tim," Jeff cried out, waving his arms in the man's direction. But the man seemed to look straight through his old friend without recognizing him. Before Jeff could speak again, the man had been swallowed up by the crowd.

As Jeff approached the Memorial, he was amazed at its immensity. Tall and omnipotent, it rose before him. Masses surrounded it; some shed tears while the stronger stood staring, blank faced and dry eyed. All were searching for names engraved in the marble surface of the structure: tributes to relatives, friends and loved ones killed in Vietnam.

Jeff glanced down at his faded fatigue pants and jacket. He hoped his mother wasn't around. She certainly would be upset at him for being out in such a bedraggled state. She always thought that a terrible waste of good looks. A ragged hole was torn near the breast pocket of his jacket, the area around it stained dark. Funny he hadn't noticed it before.

The crowds of people seemed to ignore the young soldier pushing through them. Jeff frantically read the names engraved in the stone before him. John Webster and several more Websters. Jeff searched on for his own surname, Welling. Jeff's younger brother had received draft notice. He had been years younger than Jeff, young and afraid of dying.

One Welling was listed. Jeff began to understand when he read his own name in the list of those killed. He shouted as loud as he could and pounded his hands on the stone's surface till they should have bled. But they didn't bleed, and, of the crowds surrounding, not one person could share his anguish. Jeff's eyes widened in terror. He suddenly remembered the jungle and heat. He heard the roar of artillery and the heartwrenching screams. Jeff remembered running and hiding and once again felt a pain rip through his chest. He remembered falling—and only then did Jeff remember dying.

That day Jeff's mother had waited long hours to get close enough to read the Memorial. When she found her son's name, she let her fingers gently trace the letters, one by one.

How could her country have taken her son? Why didn't they let them fight their own wars for a change? She cried and through her tears saw the reflection of her dead son's face in the stone.

Lynn Robinson, 17 Gorham High School Mrs. Jean Davis, Teacher

SAND CASTLES

Dark clouds blanketed the heavens and lay thick and foreboding. The storm brewed furiously, its anger growing. Rain began first to trickle, then pour, then pound down. The water rose, driven by the wind in gathering frenzy, lashing out first against the wooden bottom of the ship. Its wrath didn't stop at the hulls. As the ocean danced with the joy of the game, the decks and cabins, too, felt the strength. The crew were both skilled and deft; they managed to hold the boat on course for a time. But the ocean tossed the ship like a toy.

The child sat silent on the rock that overlooked the bay. Through the afternoon he had played, building castles on the sand. The boy was proud of his work that rose sturdy on the shore. But the sun was now quickly sinking, and the salty breeze stung his sleepy eyes. It was time to go home. Mother had prepared a rich and hot supper for her child. As she tucked him into bed that night, he still babbled contentedly about the new shells he had uncovered that day.

Out on the sea, the storm roared on. The sailors had taken stations on deck and fought it with valiant efforts. But the roaring wind

deafened them, and the crashing surf made blind their searching eyes. The sea, with teeth like nails, began to work up through the fine finished boards. The sea bubbled up, and stole its way into the bellows. And above deck the sailors worked on, unaware the boat was taking on water.

The wind rose and whined around the house on shore, trying to find a way inside. The familiar sound of rising and falling waves kept time with the creak of the young mother's rocking chair. Concerned, she pondered her son's obsession with the sea. He was so much like his father. She rocked and wondered and waited for the return of her sailor husband.

By the time the sailors discovered water was coming in, it was too late to stop its flow. In the dark, the crew scrambled for the life boats. But the storm confused and mixed all that was once so clear. Not all made it to deck-side in time. As the bow bent to the devilish water, one man jumped from the ship. He was young and strong and thought of his wife and son as he swam. The frigid waves fought fiercely against him, numbing his limbs, slowing his motions. As his body began to sink, he lifted his arms high and struck them down on the greedy surface with all his remaining strength. Then the hands of Neptune pulled him under.

On the beach the water rose steadily. It climbed up the shore carrying away pebbles and sand. A single wave moved, as if being pushed by a hidden force, higher up the shore than the others. It swallowed up the castles the boy had built on the beach.

Lynn Robinson

UNCOVERED DREAMS

Last night I went out to my shed in the back yard and uncovered my motorcycle. I hadn't ridden my bike since last fall. I took off the plastic sheet that sheltered my treasure through the winter months. There she was, a bit dirty in places, but still the old bike I used to know. Seeing her again gave me goose bumps and sent my imagination on a wild ride. To anybody else, it would have been a dirty old bike, but to me she was great.

I wheeled her out of the shed and up to the garage that had sheltered her last summer. I couldn't wait to start her, but a fear came over me telling me she wouldn't start. I cleaned her up and gave her a coat of polish. She looked happier already. I recharged the battery and decided to see how she felt. I turned on the choke and gave it a try. With a little sputter and a reassuring cough, she fired right up. She purred for a few minutes as if she were talking to me. I couldn't con-

trol my imagination, for all I could think about was riding all day and all night. My dreams faded as I looked out the garage windows and saw the dirty snow banks lining the road. I wheeled her into her corner of the garage and turned off the key. I got off the bike and all was quiet. I took out a blanket and covered her up as the fumes from her exhaust filled the garage. It was only March and I would have to wait a few more months before I could uncover my dreams for the summer.

Jim Marean, 18 Gorham High School Mrs. Jean Davis, Teacher

MEMORIES

Memories are the visions We hold so very dear; Scenes that play within our minds, So vivid and so clear.

Memories are the people, The friendships old and new, Of secrets shared at midnight hour That brought happiness to you.

So let us now go back in time To when we were young and free And for the moment live again What ne'er again can be.

A memory of a moonlit night While we walked hand in hand Across the beach at ebbing tide Seeking sea shells in the sand.

Or we may recall tears, Shed from grief and pain For the loss of something precious, That can never be seen again.

So now let's return to the present, And enjoy each passing day, Seeking memories to be treasured, That time can't take away.

> Amy R. Cotton, 17 Hiram, Maine Sacopee Valley High School

DADDY

Daddy, you're a friend, Never leaving my side. A light of joy, a beam, You are my pride. And you're my teacher, My hope and my tear. Your presence to me Will always be dear.

Michelle Cobb

SOMEDAY

Someday I will be gone To a life of my own. A time for living my own consequences And helping myself. But that time has not come vet Though it's just around the corner. So until then, just hold tight, Sooth my fears, make it all okay. Just care and support. for I do love you. Hold out your hand for me to grasp When times get a little rough. For someday soon, I'll wake and find A new me, grown and changed. I'll realize that no longer Am I your little girl: I've matured and become Your big girl Out on her own.

Michelle Cobb

SOMETIMES

Sometimes my dreams Don't come out right. Sometimes my words Don't sound very good. Sometimes I'm'stumped For something to say, And sometimes I cry. Wishing you were well, And here with me.

> Michelle Cobb, 15 Cornish, Maine Sacopee Valley High School



IGHT OF THE HERON

The sounds of the night hung in the air. Chirping crickets, croaking frogs and fluttering moth wings formed a chorus. Their song was simple and peaceful. From my perch on a grassy knoll overlooking the lake, I admired the satiny smoothness of its surface. Lonely loons uttered their eerie cry, interrupting the song of the frogs and crickets. The surface of the lake broke occasionally as a fish flew into the air, as if to escape, but only crashing down to the surface, returning to the stony depths.

A new sound edged its way into nature's concert. The soft whisper of a large bird's wings slicing through the air silenced the chorus. The whisper grew louder as the bird approached the shore. The chorus remained silent—respectfully silent.

I turned my head in time to catch the breathtaking silhouette of a heron landing

gracefully on the dock. Her landing was soft and unhurried. Holding her head high, she drew her wings to her sides. She turned her head, looking for danger; and after finding none, she settled to rest. The moonbeams dancing on the ripples of the lake outlined her beauty. As I settled back into the damp grass, I wondered where she had been and what she had seen.

Heron, heron, please tell me, from where do you come, and what did you see? Heron, heron, has your journey been long?

Are you far, far from your home?
Is that why you sing your sad song?
Heron, heron, can you tell me if I am
right?

Was it really worth the time, to witness the world in her plight?

As if startled by my soft cadences, she turned and held me in her gaze. Seconds seemed like minutes. Turning away from me, she launched her body into the soft night air. My heron with all her answers was gone forever.

Kim O'Donnell, grade 12 Gorham High School Mrs. Jean Davis, Teacher

ADRIFT!

Tony rose early that bright Friday morning. He wanted to spend the last three days of his spring vacation fishing. He silently tip-toed past his parents' room and walked downstairs to the kitchen. Tony fixed himself a bowl of cereal and proceeded to write a note to tell his parents he was going to be fishing all day. Then he stood it up on the table and finished his breakfast while dreaming of taking his sleek nine foot dory into the sparkling blue currents of Florida's gulf coast.

Tony closed the old element-wracked screen door and ran out on the white sand with his new Zebco fishing rod and a brown-bagged lunch. A breeze was blowing off the ocean carrying a salty scent, while seagulls screamed and soared above him. He nimbly set his gear in the boat, and pushed off the shore. The waves slapped his boat in a rhythm, and he glided into deeper waters as his oars cut the white foam. As Tony baited his hook, the sky grew progressively darker, but he passed it off as just a passing cloud covering the sun for a few minutes because the forecast was for a clear day.

As Tony saw the shore slip away, he flipped his line into the water and watched his line sink away into the dark green depths. He watched as a group of migrating

dolphins flipped away into the distance. Suddenly, it started to rain, so Tony stuck his lunch in the compartment under his seat to keep it dry. The waves grew larger as the seas got more rough, then a lightning bolt flashed across the sky. A large wave slammed into the boat and Tony fell to the bottom unconscious, because he had hit his head on the seat

When Tony woke he found water in the bottom of the boat and his oars were gone. "They must have been lost in the wave," he muttered to himself. He knew he must stay calm. Father would send out a search crew if he didn't come home soon, so he had to wait. Tony reached into the seat compartment and felt around. He produced his lunch and some small brown package that he hadn't noticed before. He tore it open and took out a flare and a flare gun. His hopes rose as he inserted the cartridge in the slot and raised his gun. Crock! the sound echoed over the horizon as a bolt of color and sound streaked across the gray sky. Then Tony sat back down and pulled out his somewhat soggy sandwich and took a bite. He chewed thoughtfully, then he slowly drifted off to the serenity of sleep.

Tony dreamed he was stranded in his weathered dory and then someone in a motor boat whizzed by, ignoring him. The large waves of the boat's wake kept rocking Tony over and over....

"Hey, Son, wake up, wake up!" shouted a large, muscled, tan man as he shook Tony to wake him.

Tony rose, startled, rubbing his eyes. The large man spoke again, "Hey, I saw your empty boat so I drove up and saw you in the bottom."

"Are you O.K., or do you want me to tow you home?" he asked. Tony explained his tale and had his dory tied behind the large motor boat.

The man introduced himself as Bob, and dropped Tony off on the beach. Tony ran inside where his mother hugged him tight and asked him how was the fishing.

Tony grinned sheepishly and laughed, "Well, it was pretty rough out there!"

Mark Levine, 8th grade Gorham, Maine Shaw Jr. High School Mrs. Tassey, Teacher

TESS

My dog is a "special case." Tess was abused by her previous owner. This abuse, both mental and physical, left Tess afraid of humans.

She was once the ugliest-looking German Shepherd I had ever seen. Her coat was a dull white, which contrasted sharply with her black saddle. Tess also had several strange habits, one of which was to wink whenever she wanted something. She was easily frightened by sudden movements, loud voices and objects like a fish, a leash, a bottle; even cigarettes caused her to become suspicious.

I had never dealt with abused animals before, and I was quite confused as to what to do. With the help of Pup, my grandfather, I managed to put Tess on the road to recovery. Nutritional foods and daily exercises soon built her resistance to diseases.

Lucky for me, Pup was always close by for me to run to whenever I needed advice. He had the experience that only comes with age. Pup knew just what to do, whatever the emergency. He taught me how to gain her trust by speaking softly and doing non-threatening activities, like running in the woods.

Soon I noticed a great change come over Tess. Her healthy coat turned a lovely honey-red color, which made her look like a deer. She certainly did not look like the ghost she was before. Loud voices and quick movements still frightened her, but she had come a long way.

One day Pup wasn't there anymore. The details are not clear. All I can remember is waking up feeling an overpowering sense of emptiness. Food didn't taste the same. Days flew by without my knowing. My family seemed to have deserted me. Everyone went to his funeral. That is, everyone except me. I didn't even visit his grave.

Tess was the only one who stood by me. Though I did not take her outside anymore or pay any attention to her, she continued to pester me. She was forever following me, and no matter how many times I rejected her or ran away, she would be my constant companion—whether I liked it or not. Each day I could feel my defenses melting, until one day I took Tess outside and we ran—just like old times, almost.

The next day I visited Pup's grave—and I cried.

Julie Brooks, 14 Gorham, Maine Gorham High School

LIFE GOES ON

When you get old, Memories all run together In a shady blur, But life goes on.

When you get old, Your vision gradually becomes hazier, But you don't really notice Until you have to hold the page Two inches from your face, And life goes on.

When you get old, the fear of falling becomes greater,

Your gait gets slower,
And bed looks better every night,
And every night you wonder
If there will be a morning.
Somehow it doesn't matter anymore.
It takes longer to get to the telephone,
But life goes on.

When you get old,
You start hearing more and more
About your friends dying,
And you are forced to think
How they were younger than you.
You notice gray hair turning to white,
Wrinkles are growing deeper in your face,
Then one day everything
Just fades away into a restful nothingness
And life ceases to go on.

Kelly Jean Vining, 13 Norway, Maine Oxford Hills High School



TORM TUNNELS

The snowflakes blew furiously from the white colored sky. The cold brisk wind swirled the flakes into small circles, whisking them around and around until they hit the snow-packed ground beneath. Trees shook and creaked as the wind whipped through their thick, leafless branches.

"Get him two units of O-positive. What are his vitals?"

He'd never seen a storm like this one before. He was trapped in it, a blizzard which didn't compare with anything he had ever seen.

"Why did I leave? I was safe there."

He walked on and on, his legs losing more feeling with every step he took. Each step was a job in itself. He moved his heavy-booted foot from deep within the blanket of snow; and never more than a few inches in front of where it had been, he thrust it back down. He literally moved at a snail's pace. And he could find no way out.

"Just keep walking. Walk on or you'll die." And he walked on.

And he walked on.

"Pulse is 140. Blood pressure is dropping."
He wasn't sure where he was, but he knew that he had to come to some civilization eventually. It was inevitable.

"At least you have a nice warm coat. And warm boots.'

"But why is it so cold? My feet can't feel even the cold anymore."

"Just keep moving, you'll be fine. Hit your feet hard on the ground. That will get some feeling back into them."

The snow shielded his eyes from anything more than a few feet away. The snow which stung his face grew into higher piles as he continued to trudge through.

"Pulse speeding up to 160. Blood pressure is dropping rapidly."

"I'm lost! Where am I? I want to go home!"

"Keep going. You'll be fine."

"I'd have a fire in the fireplace and sit in front of it, popping popcorn. And hot chocolate with marshmallows. And everyone would be over. After everyone left, I'd take a hot bath and go to bed under warm covers. And when I woke up, I'd still be there. And I'd be happy."

'You'll be home soon."

Wind roared through the blackening sky. Tree branches mixed with the snow. No sign of human life revealed itself.

"We're losing him, Doctor."

Tears streaming his face froze solid halfway down. He lifted his foot wearily, but not high enough, and tripped over the icy snow, falling on the soft surface with a thud, defeated.

"Help me! Please help!"

He looked up one last time and in the distance saw a dim light peeking through the falling snow.

"Someone's coming for me I know! I'll be all right."

He stretched out on the fluffy surface. The light grew brighter.

"I am home," he thought, and closed his eyes.

"Doctor, we've lost him."

Mari Jo Spurr, 18 Gorham High School Mrs. Davis, Teacher

THE WORLD IS FROZEN

The baton is raised.

There's a knot in my stomach being pulled to the breaking point

And from the looks on the faces of my fellow band members

I'd say it was a contagious if not fatal disease. There is the confident, all-encompassing look from our conductor.

Then, his almost imperceptible look heavenward.

It's almost time.

The baton drops and my dry throat and shaking hands are forgotten.

Every instrument is flowing like one great musical sea.

Careful, careful, don't get so far into the music that you forget yourself.

Now where's that crescendo?

Oh, God, please let the trumpets come in together at their solo.

Build. Build.

Build.

Silence.

And there it is, that wonderful grand pause. I don't believe that we cut out on the right

Then we're in again.

Forte.

Double forte.

Triple forte.

Then drop to a piano.

I think we'll make it!

One, two, three, and a four and Crash! Then there's a split second of dead silence when the world is frozen.

The last note holds all the magic, Then the band sighs in unison. We did it!

> Erin L. Connor, 15 Gorham High School Mrs. Jean Davis, Teacher



BLACK CHRISTMAS

Oh! Would snow ever fall? Ben wondered if the Christmas season was going to be bleak. "Newfoundland, I bet, has hardly had a Christmas without snow." At least in his fourteen years, Ben could not remember a Christmas without it. Ben Lindsay was an average fourteen-year-old boy. He lived in Newfoundland and his father worked as a

Ben really liked to work with his father in the woods, but what he loved best were their dogs. Eben Lindsay, Ben's father, owned half a dozen beautiful Newfoundland dogs. They helped his operation by hauling logs out of the woods along with three workhorses. Ben dreamed of someday owning his own dogs, but since there were seven mouths to feed at the Lindsay residence, there really wasn't enough money.

The busy town of Dale was even busier during the Christmas season. Dale was mostly populated by loggers and fishermen, so there were not many luxuries in the few stores, just the necessities.

"Hey, Ben!" a boy called. Ben turned around and waved a greeting to his buddy Sven. Sven was the son of a fisherman and had been working with his father all day.

"Hey, Sven! How's it going?"

"Great! Dad told me that I'd be getting my own fishing license for Christmas! I guess that he just couldn't keep the secret to himself any longer."

"That's great!" When he heard this statement, the yearning grew stronger in Ben for his own dogs.

"Hey, I'm glad that I ran across you," added Sven. "Mom said that I could have a friend over for supper. How 'bout it?"

"Sounds great. I'll ask Mum. Since tomorrow is Christmas Eve, she'll probably be glad to have the noisiest kid out of the house.'

The stars were out as Ben walked home from Sven's house. The supper had been great: fish chowder, biscuits and molasses. Of course, they had been all homemade. As Ben approached his two-story house he saw the twinkling of the Christmas tree lights through the windows.

"Stars are out, it's going to be a good day tomorrow," shouted Ben as he entered the

"As long as you're on the subject of tomorrow, Ben," Eben Lindsay said, "I'll need your help in the woods."

"OK, Dad." It was an honor to be asked by his father for some help.

Four little boys came running into the kitchen where Ben and his father were talking.

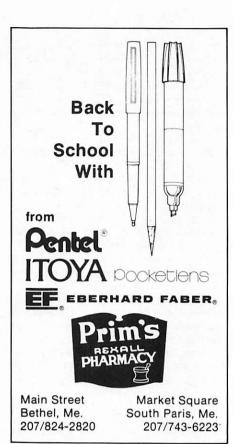
"BEN," they all screamed in unison, "is there really a Santa Claus?"

"Of course there is," answered Ben. He noticed the wink that his father gave him over the boys' heads. "And he wears a red suit and has a big white beard."

The boys seemed satisfied with the answer, so when Ben's mother came in and announced bedtime for the young ones, they made no protest, seeing that Santa Claus was coming

The next morning Ben was up and out and ready to start working early. The hours of a logger were terrible but that was inevitable. The dogs and horses brought out quite a few loads of wood that morning. Then they brought out twice as many in the afternoon. It was beautiful to see the dogs and horses working in harmony. The dogs were harnessed to a log and then they pulled them out of the woods; the horses worked in the same manner. Although Ben was tired at the end of the day, he had had a lot of fun.

That night the stockings were hung with care as the story goes, and the young ones were put to bed. Ben headed on over to Sven's house to see what was going on. He put on his wool coat and boots and stepped out into the cold night air. The stars were





nowhere to be seen, meaning that there could possibly be a snowstorm. At Sven's, the three youngest were in bed, and Sven said, "I was about on my way over to see you."

"Well, I beat you to it."

"How about a game of Monopoly?"

"Sounds great!" Ben replied, "but I hope that you're all set to lose!"

"I wouldn't bet on it!" Sven rallied.

Three hours later, when Ben looked at the clock and noticed that it was eleven o'clock, he decided to take his leave.

"Merry Christmas!" shouted Ben as he trooped out of the dooryard.

"Merry Christmas!"

Just as Ben stepped outside, the first few flakes of snow began to fall. Ben was happy as he climbed into bed, but he still dreamed that night of receiving his own dogs.

Christmas Day started out in its usual way. They are a big breakfast, then as the dishes were done, everyone migrated to the living room. There were exclamations of "OOOHS" and "AAAAHS" as presents were opened. At lunchtime, Ben silently scolded himself for thinking that he would receive some dogs. He should know better.

At suppertime, Ben's father got up and motioned for Ben to come help him do chores. They put on their wool jackets and then their boots and new mitts. Outside, the snow was still falling heavily.

"We must have gotten two feet of snow since last night," thought Ben.

"You take the horses and I'll do the dogs," said Ben's father.

Just as they entered the barn, Ben's father stopped and exclaimed, "Where in the world did we get two more dogs?"

"Dad, no! Are they mine!?"

"Ben, you deserved them."

Ben patted his two new dogs; he played with them, scratching their ears. Their black coats gleamed in the light and they returned his love with licks of gratitude.

"These are the most beautiful, strong pups that I have ever seen! Thank you!!"

Ben and his father went back to their chores.

"Dad?"

"Yeah?"

"We're missing one horse, where is it?"

Julie Bell, 8th grade Gorham, Maine Shaw Jr. High School Mrs. Tassey, Teacher



I tightly squeezed Jeff's hand as I nervously watched Da, my grandfather, slowly and shakily making his way down the stairs where Jeff and I were seated. Anxiously I counted each step he maneuvered safely to the solid floor beneath.

"Ten, eleven,...twelve. Phew," I thought.
"He made it!"

Normally, the twelve carpeted steps proved to be no problem for Da, but with his recently developed flu, much of Da's youthful balance had been sucked out of him, leaving him a little unsteady on his feet.

Unaware of our four eyes watching him, Da continued on his way into the kitchen as Jeff and I held our breath in silence. We sat motionless in hopes that Da would not notice us. He would have been ashamed of his unsteady pace in front of his admiring young granddaughter.

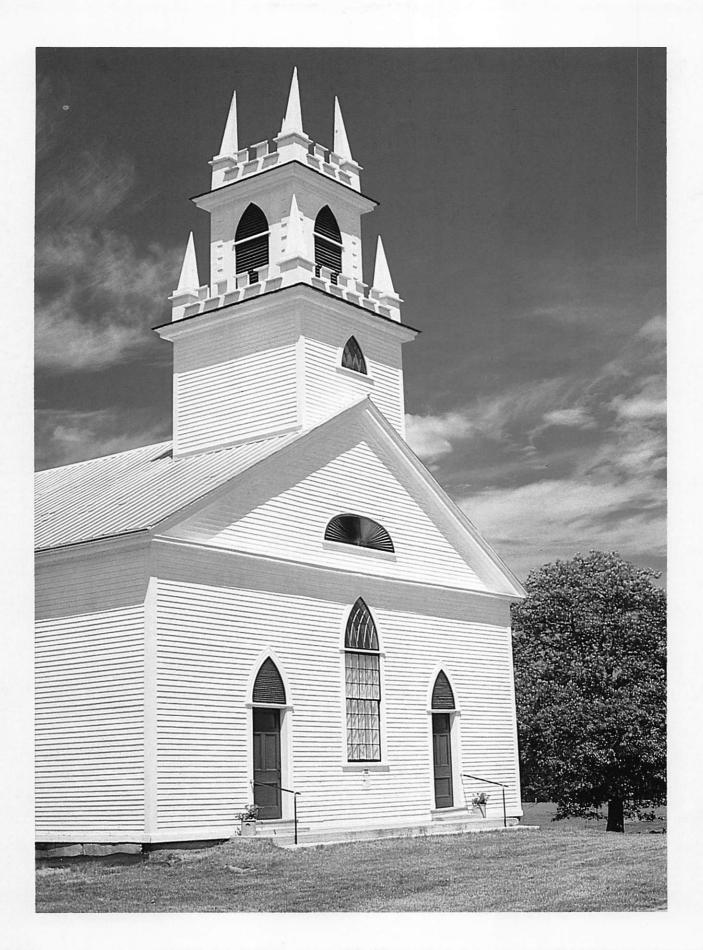
Relieved at being unseen, I slowly let out my breath, allowing my shoulders to relax back into their resting position. It was at this time that I came to realize that Da was no longer a young, dark-haired man, but an elderly, white-haired, proud gentleman.

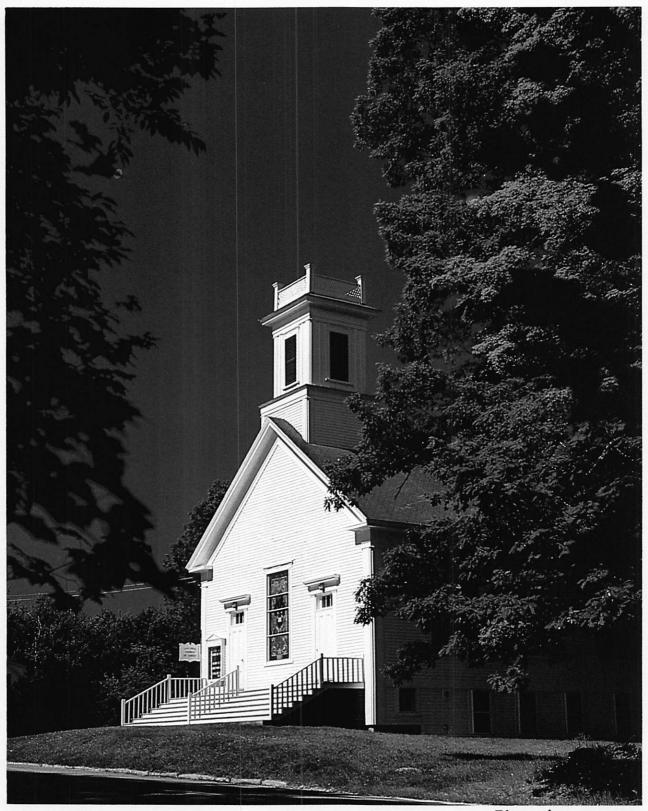
Born in 1899, Da is filled with historical facts and adventures. Da's stories of World War II, the Depression, the Roaring Twenties, and my mother's childhood antics never cease to entertain me.

Every wrinkle etched on Da's canvas face tells an interesting story which Da has experienced during his 84 years of life. The deepest wrinkle was the result of a serious accident that occurred when he was thrown off a sulky during his jockey days. The horse trampled over Da's body and badly bruised and lacerated his face. To him it was merely a scratch. To my mom, it was a minor tragedy.

Da has always been there to pick me up, from the time I fell through their barn floor, to when I failed my driving test that he had helped me prepare for. I felt a lump rise in my throat as I thought that maybe Da wouldn't always be there for me, but I reassured myself that I would always be there to support him, and still we would have each other.

Lucille Carter Gorham High School Mrs. Davis, Teacher

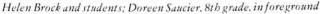




NEW ENGLAND STEEPLES

Photos by Juanita Perkins







Teacher Tim Loughlin

the title of which seemed appropriate for this experience.

It is not to be. A veritable tide of noisy, chattering girls has just inundated our once-quiet dorm. Midge Sanborn has had to go back to Saco to work as an election clerk in the primaries, so Anita and I are alone to see that Groups 1, 2 and 3 (according to our carefully worked out schedule) take their showers tonight. After that we must get them quieted down by "Lights Out" at ten o'clock.

This is a first experience for me, trying to get twenty-four lively girls ages 11 to 14 to bed all at once. There seem to be girls wandering around everywhere short girls, tall girls, thin girls and some not-so-thin girls, girls in flannel nightgowns or shorty pajamas, girls with mysterious green gunk on their faces, and girls protesting that they have to have their lights on for "just five more minutes" so that they can write home to their Moms. And there are girls peeking over the tops of the partitions of our room, laughing and saying, "Good Night, Mrs. Rose!" "Good Night, Mrs. Davis!" Then, finally, there are girls falling asleep and the dorm is silent at last.

I am barely able to keep my eyes open. As I seem to be falling into a deep, dark hole, I hear one last war whoop from the boys' dorm rend the still night air.

5:00 A.M.

Something has awakened me. I thought I heard an alarm clock go off, but there is no sound now, except from a few of our

"coughers." I doze off but the cold awakens me again, and I become painfully aware that my bed is full of sand. With one bare foot I gingerly touch the cold linoleum and find my slippers. I get up and try not to bang the iron door on the stove as I add wood to the still-burning embers. I hear the snap of sparks as the fire catches and check the time: 5:45 A.M. Just enough time to get a shower before the girls are up. I regulate the shower carefully, but, suddenly, without warning, the water turns scalding hot, then freezing cold. Only half-dry and shivering, I return to our room and finish dressing in front of the warm stove.

"Rise and shine!" It is Anita's morning to rouse girls in Groups 4, 5 and 6 for their showers. The narrow hallway fills with sleepy girls peering at the schedule sheet tacked to a wall, trying to find out in which group they're supposed to be.

7:00 A.M.

Pancakes this morning. There are two pounds of butter and two pitchers of syrup on each table. There are also cold cereals, and assorted little cans of fruit juice and plenty of fresh fruit, peaches, oranges, and bananas. I sit down next to a blond 6th grade boy who looks somewhat lonesome and doesn't seem to have much of an appetite. He says his name is John Tillyer and that not many of his friends are in the group. Our first case of homesickness? Next to him an apple-cheeked boy is drinking his fourth carton of milk.

8:00 A.M.

Red Group is sitting on the pine needle covered ground by the lake with Grace. The topic this morning is "Soil Studies." The students are learning by doing—how to test the soil for its particle sizes, percolation qualities, its acidity or alkalinity.

The clouds are finally breaking up. I can see patches of blue sky, even occasional sparkles of sunlight on the lake. The only sounds are the gentle lapping of water against the shore and the rhythmic rat-a-tat-tat of a red-headed woodpecker high up in a birch tree.

1:00 P.M.

I join Red Group which is climbing the hill behind the dorms. Grace, their instructor, will be discussing "Plant Growth and Development" in this early afternoon session. Several students seem tired already and keep stopping along the way to rest on convenient rocks. Grace takes pity on them and lets them rest for awhile while she asks questions: What are the parts of a plant? What is the function of each part? What do we mean by photosynthesis? Respiration? Suspiration? I notice that each instructor takes the complex subject matter and breaks it down so that students at this level can understand it more easily. I remember Director Peter Dumont telling us the method they use: "First we try to find out how much they know, then we take them from there."

A boy picks up an empty beech-nut Page 29...



The log dorms at the top of the "39 Steps"

As we are leaving the cafeteria where members of Green Group are so busily wiping and sweeping, Tim Loughlin grins and says, "Wouldn't it do the parents' hearts good to see their little darlings working so hard?"

7:00 P.M.

We have just finished watching a Hunter Safety movie, and now Tom and Peter, rather melodramatically, are demonstrating the proper and improper ways of handling a gun. It is almost—but not quite—an Academy Award per-

formance!

When I asked Peter this afternoon why a Hunter Safety program was being taught at a conservation school, he explained that the safe and proper use of firearms is vitally necessary in a state like Maine where guns can be found in so many homes. Tonight when he asked the assembled students how many of them had guns in their homes, 85% of them raised their hands. Besides, he added, it is important for students to learn the essentials of wildlife management for the benefit of all who share the

Director Peter Dumont with students



same environment, man, plants and animals.

8:30 P.M.

Our first day is almost over.

"It hasn't been too bad yet," I comment to Anita as we somewhat wearily climb what I have dubbed the "39 steps" to the dorms to await the girls.

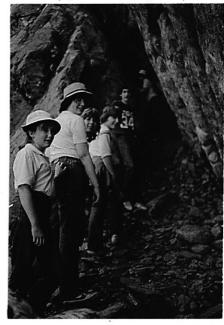
"You haven't seen anything yet!" she answers. "Now we have to get them to go to sleep!"

Our wood fire is still burning. Its welcome warmth helps dispell the cold dampness of the evening. My bed in the corner, made up so comfortably with my down pillow and down quilt on it, looks inviting. I long to relax for a quiet hour and start reading the book I have brought with me, E.L. Doctorow's Loon Lake,

Photos by Tim Loughlin and Lillian Davis



Lineup for the "Lemon-juice Squeezer"



neighbors. There seem to be girls everywhere—girls taking flash pictures of each other, giggling girls out on the porch peeking into the boys' dorm through the screen door!

Above the clamor, someone hears a bell clanging and there is a mad dash down one hill and up the other to the long log building, Rodgers' Hall, that serves the school as a combination dining hall and classroom.

Director Peter Dumont, short, dark, bearded, wearing eye-glasses and what often appears to be the school uniform (t-shirt, faded dungarees, sneakers), raises his arm for silence. The noisy group instantly becomes quiet and attentive as he conducts a body count, sets boundary limits and clearly defines the few rules they must heed. The students' daily schedules are filled with classes, a few duties and occasional 15 minute periods of "free time." Their long class day (from 7 A.M. to 8:45 P.M.) leaves them little time to wander off and get lost or get into trouble. The excellent organization of the students' time seems to be one of the Conservation School's secrets of success.

Peter introduces his staff members who are seated at a long table in front of a cheerful fire in a huge fieldstone fireplace. They are all young and attractive. They eye this lively group of students a bit warily.

Grace and Scott Drown are a husbandwife team, graduates of Colby College, who have done graduate work at Rutgers and the University of Maryland in animal behavior and environmental science. Helen Brock, a recent graduate of the University of New Hampshire, has majored in zoology and marine science. Tom Banks, a graduate of the University of Colorado who has travelled extensively, has just recently been a Park Ranger at Glacier National Park in Montana. Director Peter Dumont, a Unity College graduate with a Master of Science degree from the University of Southern Maine, has been Director of the Conservation School for the past five years and is a special consultant for the Maine State Department of Education.

"Merle Lang is our illustrious cook," Peter grins, pointing to an ample, darkhaired man, wearing a large white apron, who is cautiously watching our group from the kitchen doorway. "Merle wants you to take as much food as you think you can eat, but don't waste it!" Peter warns. Other residents of the Bryant Pond campus, he tells us, are a 13-year-old Dachsund, named "Missy" (who we must watch out for since she can't see or hear), and two grey cats, one of which is named "Broccoli."

Daily Routine

Peter divides the 46 students into the five color groups they will belong to during their week's stay. Each group is assigned duties and has an occasional 15 minutes of "free" time scheduled between classes. Red Group has "hops" today, which means that its members will have to be at Rodgers' Hall before each meal to set the tables with salt and pepper, etc., and after each meal, will wipe off the tables and sweep the floor.

Red Group gets to work while the rest of us line up outside of the Hall to wait for lunch. The food, served cafeteria style, is plain, but wholesome and plentiful. Each chaperone chooses a table to sit at with the students. I set my tray down next to a pretty 7th grader whose name is Katie Chadbourne. She is wearing a broad-brimmed Western-style straw hat with a dashing feather.

High above us in the rafters, I see a huge stuffed bald eagle, poised as if for attack. While Red Group is energetically doing their chores, I wander around the hall and read the identifying labels of other stuffed birds on perches: a green-winged teal, a horned grebe, a double-breasted cormorant, a small, much-worn Teddy bear, left behind, sits on a perch, unclaimed and unlabelled.

On a wall between two windows, a framed illustrated chart identifies the summer wildflowers and plants that can be found on Bryant Pond's 200 acre campus: bunchberry, false Solomon's seal, bluebead lily, Canada mayflower, St. John's wort, daisy fleabane, blue vetch, yellow sorrel, etc.

1:00 P.M.

I am following Yellow Group and their instructor, Helen Brock, down the road and through the stone gates into a nearby field. Helen, a tall, lanky girl, is sensibly wearing waterproof boots for protection from the damp grass. The sky is still grey and overcast, but our luck

is holding—it is not raining.

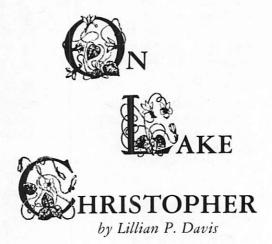
We are investigating the plant and animal life in this open field that lies between some woods and a low marsh. At first, we walk about the field and notice the vegetation growing there in general. Then, taking a meter stick, Helen has one of the students measure off a meter square plot, and we take a closer look and try to identify the plant and animal life within its micro-habitat. We notice that the soil, which has a high water content, is a mixture of sand and clay. A tiny, inch-long green frog hiding in the low layer of sphagnum moss hops nimbly away from us. The students check the wind direction, judge the amount of sunlight the field gets, and compare temperatures at ground level and above the meter plot. They also discuss how they think all of these factors affect what is growing here-the five-leafed cinquefoil, wild strawberry, round-leafed sundew, plants that can survive in such nutrient-poor soils.

Helen points out to us cones on a pine at the edge of the woods that are covered with pollen and describes how the wind and rain will help carry the pollen to other cones on the same tree which have seeds on their upper scales, seeds which the pollen will fertilize. We compare the differences between the plants that are growing in the field habitat and those in the nearby woods. Helen describes the process of "succession," the orderly stages by which the field, if left alone, will begin to fill in, first with the sun-loving white pines, then other trees, and become a forest once again. We find a late-blooming pink lady slipper or moccasin flower which, Helen cautions us, should not be picked because it propagates poorly; and identify the lowcarpeting bunchberry, a member of the dogwood family, with its creamy white, four-veined leaves.

5:00 P.M.

We are all ravenously hungry, although some of the 8th grade boys eye the small bits of green pepper in their slices of meat loaf with a good deal of suspicion. From my own personal experience in raising a hungry boy, it seems to me that any food other than peanut butter and jelly sandwiches or hamburgers and French fries with plenty of ketchup is foreign to boys of this age!

At Maine Conservation School—a unique learning camp for children in Bryant Pond





Monday, June 7th, 10:00 A.M.

We are finally on our way! Our yellow school bus filled with excited 6th graders has just left the Maine Turnpike and is heading west on a curving road into the foothills of Oxford County. Our bus is the last of three that are carrying students from the Saco Middle School to the Maine Conservation School at Bryant Pond, for a week of wilderness living there to study nature, not out of textbooks, but by actual observation and investigation out of doors.

There are five chaperones for the 46 students on the trip: Bill Soucy, Principal of the Middle School; Tim Loughlin, a math teacher there; Anita Rose, a third grade teacher at the Burns School; and Midge Sanborn. My husband, who teaches science at the Middle School, has generously volunteered my services. Three of the chaperones have children of their own in the group: Anita's daughter Chris, Bill's son William (both 6th graders), and Midge's son Bill (an 8th grader).

Anita is sitting next to me trying to carry on a conversation and get acquainted, but it is almost impossible to hear anything above the babble of young voices and the steady to and fro click-clack of the windshield wipers. It is still raining. In fact, it has been raining steadily for two weeks; almost, it seems.

forever. Anita and I view this with some consternation since we have been told that classes at Bryant Pond are held out of doors every day, no matter what the weather—rain, sleet or snow!

Almost miraculously, however, as we cross some invisible line in Gray, the rain stops, and, ahead of us, we can see that the road is dry!

I try to identify some of the students on our bus by the kind of hat they have chosen to wear. The bus is a sea of hats, a wild assortment of caps of all colors with "Nike", "CIA", "Red Sox", or "Boston Celtics" printed on them, or the popular yellow, blue and green pork pie hats with contrasting ribbons on their brims.

Other than the hats, this is no style show. We are all sensibly dressed in jeans or warm slacks, topped by sweatshirts, sweaters, wool or rainproof jackets. Across the aisle from Anita and me, two of the smaller-sized 6th grade girls are playing checkers, ingeniously using colored M & M's for markers on the top of a large Tupperware box which appears to be loaded with goodies from home.

We have just gone through Bryant Pond, a village in the town of Woodstock, that lies at the junction of Routes 26 and 302. We are leaving the main road now, passing a ballpark and a railroad track that runs alongside a grey,

stormy looking lake. Our bus goes through two large stone gates.

Bill Soucy and Tim Loughlin are already helping the students unload their assorted bags and suitcases. Our 6th graders tumble out of the bus and there is a wild scramble up the opposite hill to the "dorms"—two long log cabins connected by a small porch in the middle, the girls' dorm on one side, the boys' on the other.

Anita, Midge and I climb the hill more slowly. The "veterans" of Bryant Pond, those girls in the 7th and 8th grades who have been here before, rush to get the "best" rooms. These seem to be the first two that face out onto the porch and afford the lucky occupants an opportunity to converse with the boys across the way after "lights out."

While the twenty-four girls are dashing about, grabbing pillows and blankets and making up their beds, Midge and Anita—who have both been chaperones—claim the central room for the three of us. Its big Ashley-type wood-burning stove is the only source of heat in the building. The rooms on either side of a narrow corridor contain four bunk beds each. We soon discover that the partitions between each room, which have been left open at the top for ventilation and the circulation of the heat from our stove, make convenient perches for the girls to sit on and look down at their



Mark di Suvero, sculptor, giving criticism, in sculpture yard.

dormitories, a sculpture court, and a student eating hall overlooking the lake. Also there is the home of the late artist Ben Shahn. In the "fresco barn"—a focal point on campus—guest speakers lecture every Wednesday and Friday night. Major artists from across the nation conduct an open dialogue with the students, accompanied by slides of their works.

This creative dialogue is an important aspect of the learning at Skowhegan. (Maine residents are welcome to attend as well.) This year's visiting artists included Louis Jiminez, Katherine Porter, Jane Wilson, Isaac Witkin, and Leo Steinberg.

The campus library provides 7500 books and periodicals for Skowhegan students, as well as professional tapes of all past guest lecturers. Bound volumes of "Art in America" and "ArtNews" can be found on the shelves. The library also features a magnificent mural in blues and greens by Solon, Maine, artist Abby Shahn—a former Skowhegan student.

The students at Skowhegan are part of the learning environment. Gifted artists, they are sent from twenty leading art schools and universities around the nation. Each school sends one student a summer; others are accepted from direct applications sent to the year-round New York office. Acceptance is based on background and professional portfolio. Only one in six makes it.

The majority of students at the private, non-profit school are on a scholarship of one kind or another. Two Maine students attend each summer—all costs paid by endowments from the William and Marguerite Zorach Scholarship and the Bernard Langlais Scholarship.

Comprised of five people, the Scholarship Committee (o-ordinated by Gael May McKibben, assistant director of the Payson Art Gallery at Westbrook College) is selected from people in the arts across the state. Each serves a three-year, rotating term. This year, Mary-Leigh Smart of York; George de Lyra, Denmark; Robert Indiana; Pat Hardy from South Berwick; and Celeste Roberge, Portland, comprise the jury. The scholarship committee works under the auspices of the overall Skowhegan School Committee, Charlton Ames, chairman.

Another sure source of education at the Skowhegan School is the unspoiled beauty of the Maine landscape, which inspires the artists who go there. The green rolling hills of Maine, the irregular tree line, the color of light on a summer day, the clear water in a Maine lake—all contribute strongly to the creative impact of the Skowhegan School.

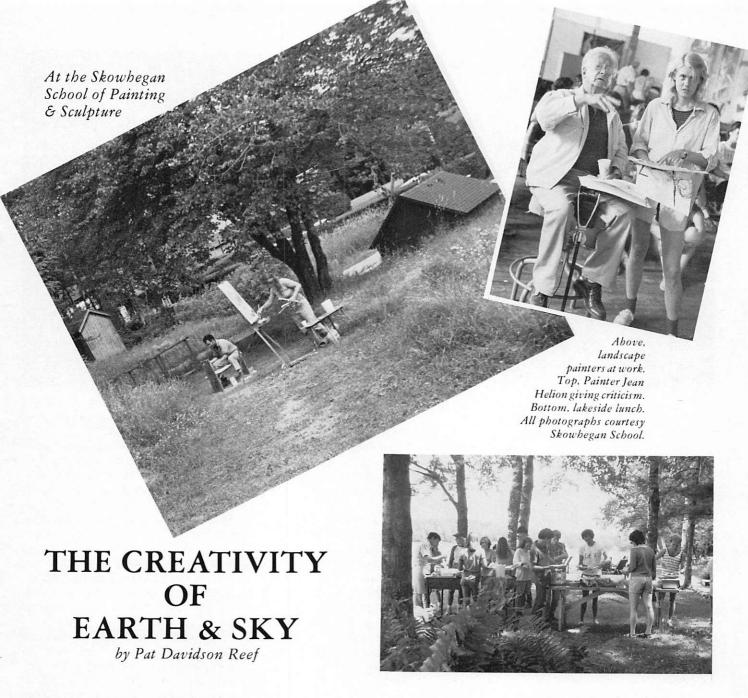
The teachers are gifted professionals who share their knowledge with students. The school, in effect, forms an art community in which artists can gather, work together, share a dialogue and learn from each other.

Executive Director Roy Leaf, an experienced administrator, believes that is one of the strengths of a very strong school. He says:

"Skowhegan today would make its founders proud. The physical plant has never been in better condition, the quality of students higher, or the faculty and lecturers more prestigious. Skowhegan has introduced many artists to the state of Maine, and today many are living here, summer or year round.

"The percentage of active artists among the alumnae exceeds 50%, an unusually high ratio. For a modest place in a rural setting, Skowhegan's name is known across the nation and the seas."

Pat Davidson Reef is a teacher and freelance writer who has been active with the Maine State Arts and Humanities Commission. She lives in Falmouth Foreside.



"There poised on the far rim of being he lives

To draw from the sky, the tree, the stone, Those universals of truth that he alone Can grapple with; the Artist's

prerogatives."

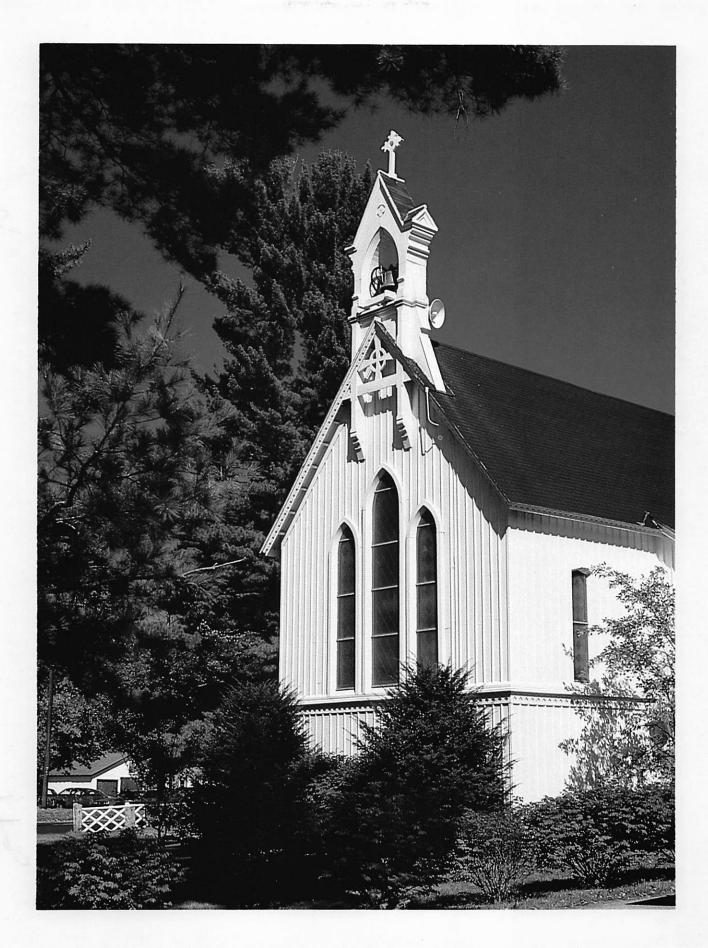
The artist who wrote that poem at the shore of Lake Wesserunsett in Madison, Maine, at the prestigious Skowhegan School of Painting & Sculpture, was Robert Indiana of Vinalhaven. Indiana, the nationally known painter, was impressed enough to join others, including ing Isobel Bishop, Louise Nevelson,

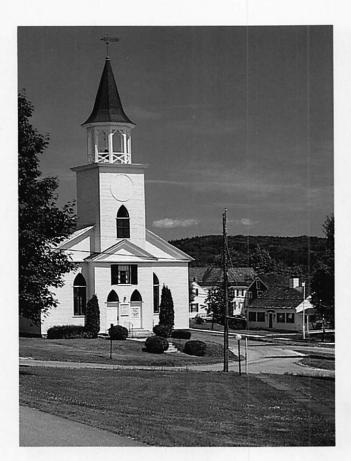
Abbott Pattison, and Mrs. Ben Shahn on the school's Board of Governors.

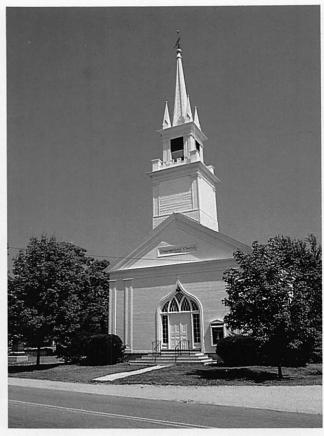
Opened in 1946, just after the second World War, the Skowhegan School was founded by the late Willard W. Cummings, himself a painter. It began with the philosophy that an art school ought to be run by artists. Bill Cummings was assisted at the beginning by the painter Henry Varnum Poor, the sculptor Charles Cutler, and Sidney Simon, a sculptor today in New York City. Simon is still on the board of governors, though all the rest are dead.

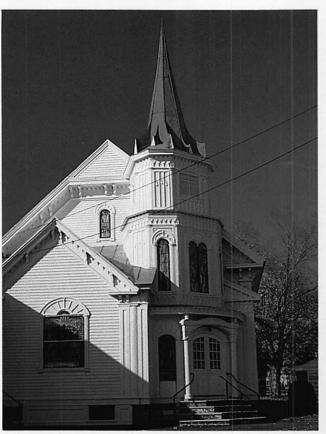
The heart of the 168-acre campus was and is "Red Farm" (page 1), an eighteenth century farmhouse bordered by brown cat-tails and orange day lilies. Once the home of founder Cummings, it reflects a natural, non-commercial beauty with its wide pine floors, hand-wrought door latches, early American antiques, hooked rugs, and oil paintings. It serves as home for the executive director from June to August, and its small, square windows look out over a campus of forty-four buildings.

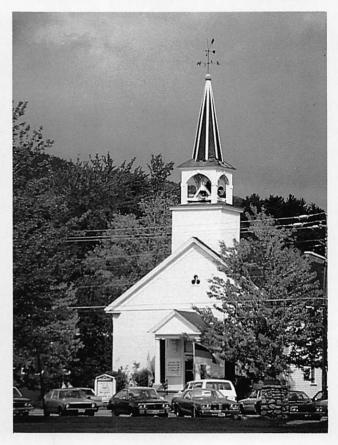
There are art studios, faculty cottages,



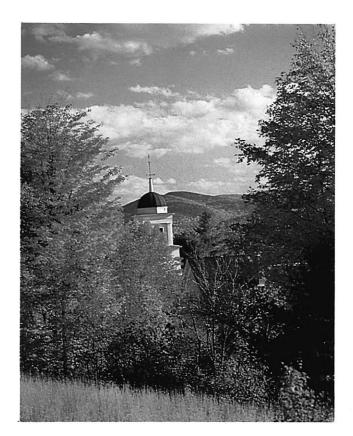


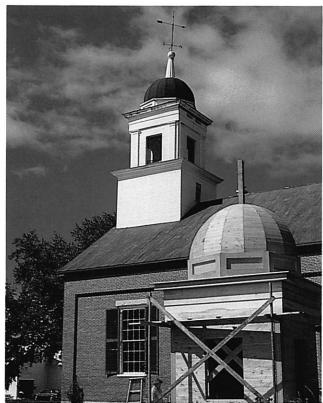






BitterSweet - September





A NEW STEEPLE FOR LOVELL VILLAGE

Architectural Restoration — The Preservation of Beauty

by Juanita Perkins

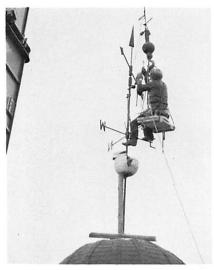
After surviving 130 winters, the domed belfry of the 1852 brick church in Lovell Village, Maine, has been refitted with an exact replica. The restoration was made possible by provisions in the wills of some of the early settlers, and by months of meticulous work by many people interested in retaining the original architecture.

The 16-sided parabolic dome required approximately four hundred narrow boards to cover the sixteen curved rafters. The dome and its octagonal panelled base tops the belfry—a four-sided cupola with windows. Eight pilasters accent the corners. And, although its supporting beam was broken, it was not necessary to remove the bell or bell wheel, as the large, square base astride the roof ridge was in good condition.

Dennis Hermans, who specializes in historic restoration, said that the most



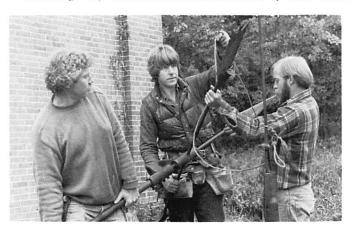
(l. to r.) Robert Littlefield, Pres. of Lovell Historical Society; Dennis Hermans, builder, of Norway, Maine; and Harold Severance, then Chairman of the Trustees of Lovell United Church of Christ.

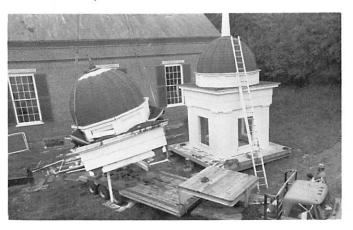






(Above, l. to r.) John Moulton attaches cables to remove weathervane; Merrill Crane works the rotten dome free—carefully, so debris will not damage roof; and the dome is lowered, extent of rotten timbers evident in its crumpled sides.





(Above, l. to r.) Builder Dennis Hermans with assistants John Moulton and Jerry Benson, removing cable from weathervane; old dome lowered to flatbed for removal. (Below) Bruce Thurston begins to weld the weathervane to the new metal cap; and the completed structure with shutters installed and roof painted.

difficult aspect of constructing the replacement was the difference in lumber dimensions between those of the 1850's and the present. Although not all measurements could be taken exactly, due to the extent of decay inside the dome, the new structure is within a fraction of an inch of being a true replica.

Co-ordinating and overseeing the entire project, which took place in 1982, was the late Harold Severance, former chairman of the Lovell United Church of Christ. Other principles in the project included Robert Littlefield, president of the Lovell Historical Society, and David Thomson, a church trustee (who handled traffic and kept sightseers at a safe distance).





KEEPING THE FAITH

by Kevin Early





Tiny Christ's Church, Brownfield, Maine

If someone were asked to describe New England, no doubt there would be mention of rolling pastures, stone walls and, of course, the quiet villages dominated by high-spired houses of worship. For indeed New England wouldn't be the same without its churches—those bastions of faith that provide spiritual comfort in a harsh and demanding environment, whose architecture is often representative of the mores and lifestyles of those who built and worshipped within them.

In cities, churches are often built of costly materials such as granite or marble in styles reflective of the ethnic group or mood of the country prevalent during their construction. In the less pretentious, more homogenized country settings, churches are apt to be of simple design and frame construction. No matter what their size or construction, however, churches are always special places where believers can find the solace and security that comes from a sense of closeness with their Maker. Perhaps that yearning, that need, was the reason for the founding of Christ's Church in Brownfield, Maine, by Harry

and Estella Barton.

"Mother and Father wanted a place close by where we children and our neighbors could worship," explains Caroline Littlefield of Brownfield, one of the six children born to the Bartons during the early part of this century. "There was a church in town but it was quite a distance off. We only had horses and buggies then, and those were the days we had *real* winters and the roads were deep with sand in summer."

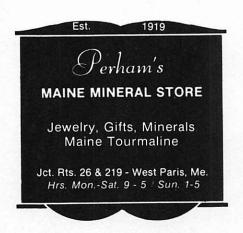
And so, at the junction of two dirt roads in the hardwood forest, unseen by most tourists, stands Christ's Church. That was the simple name Estella Barton chose for the tiny (12' x 21') house of worship she and her husband Harry erected across the meadow from their modest farmhouse. Their house is dark and deserted now, but not Christ's Church. Its tin roofline is straight and its four clear windows are adorned with white lace curtains. The shingle and white clapboard exterior seems to compel passers-by to slow down, turn their heads and stare.

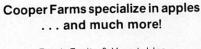
At first glance, Christ's Church resembles a well-kept cottage. But there is a small bell tower, almost hidden by the boughs of overhanging pines. Mounted next to the door is a black wooden plaque that, upon close scrutiny, reveals words scrawled in faded white chalk across it:

CHRISTENING JESSICA MARTIN SEPTEMBER 26 REV. JOHN SWANSON

The elder Bartons were immigrants from England who first settled in Boston, where Harry found employment as a fireman on a tug boat. As the family began to grow, the Bartons decided the country would be a better place to raise their children. They purchased a home and small parcel of land in Brownfield and began life anew as subsistence farmers.

Devout Christians, and living in a remote valley far from the peal of church bells, the Bartons soon realized the need of a place of worship more convenient to their homestead. And so, in 1914, they purchased a small camp building in the area and began disassembling and carting it to a new location within sight of their home.





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Whenever time allowed, construction was undertaken on the building. Neighbors and children helped drag the large fieldstones that were to become the church's foundation. The bell tower was made by the late Harry Barton, Jr. and houses a large iron bell that was ordered from a Sears-Roebuck catalog. Harry, Sr. constructed simple but sturdy pine pews.

Finally, on July 18, 1916, the tiny church had its first service, conducted by Ed Jewett. The first permanent minister of Christ's Church was the Reverend William Philbrooks of Porter who each Sunday traveled nine miles by horse and buggy to preach to the small congregation made up of the Bartons and any neighbors who chose to attend. Eventually, services were conducted by Harry and Estella and various other ministers. Several weddings were held at the church, including those of Frank and Myrna Barton, and Howard and Caroline Littlefield. There was one funeral, that of the youngest Barton child, Estella, who succumbed to appendicitis at age eleven.

The diminutive interior of Christ's Church imparts a sense of the simplicity that once dominated life in rural communities. The pews are still sturdy, covered with colorful tapestry. They can seat twenty-seven adults. Caroline Littlefield recalls the Sundays her mother had to make several trips to their house to bring more seats for a congregation that sometimes swelled to fifty or more. A wooden lectern stands before a small raised floor area where the church deacons would sit. Sharing the platform is a pump organ that has a patent date of August 10, 1880. Beside that is a cardboard box filled with "Songs of Praise" hymn books.

"They were revival-type services" explains Caroline. It's easy to imagine summer mornings when gospel music floated through open windows and doorway across shimmering hayfields while the congregation and church were bathed in the cool shadows of tall, white pines.

There hasn't been music in Christ's Church for some time now—the last regular services ending with the deaths of Harry and Estella, who died within a month of each other in the spring of 1961. Estella requested that at least two services be conducted in her beloved church each year but the Barton family

has been unable to comply with her wish. There have been numerous other services held there, however, including wedding anniversaries and the christening of "Jessica" on an unknown September 26th. The Bartons frequently visit the tiny church for quiet reflection and to lavish care on the building which is an immense source of pride for the entire Brownfield community.

"We've been asked several times if we want to sell the church," says Caroline, "but we wouldn't think of it." And even if they did decide to sell it, the price tag on Christ's Church would be high, not just because it's a monument to a family's faith and heritage, but also because of the distinction proclaimed by a sign that once stood in front: World's Smallest Church—Guinness Book of Records. A world record holder sits at the junction of two dirt roads in Brownfield!

Of course, maintaining a world title is difficult, and that claim has been challenged in recent years by the Les Vauxbalets Church located in the Channel Islands of Great Britain. Caroline and the other Bartons don't give that claim much heed, however.

"I've seen a picture of that other church," relates Caroline. "A preacher and two people can't fit into it." A check of the record books verifies that contention—"room for one priest and a congregation of two."

It sounds as though the British building may be more of a shrine than a church, or perhaps something erected just to get it into the record books. Everyone knows that a church is a place of worship, sanctified as such by the faithful who erected it and who come to give homage to their Maker within its walls. Using that criteria, it's safe to say that Christ's Church is *still* the world's smallest. But regardless of its standings in the record books, it will always be greatest for the Bartons and Brownfield.

BUY OCTOBER BITTERSWEET

Next month we will feature:

- stunning foliage color
- ghost hunting in New England
- duck hunting and recipes
- old-time fair pictures

... Conservation School shell and gives it to Grace.

"Why do you think it has these burrs on it?" she asks. Another boy answers that the spines can catch onto an animal's fur or a person's clothing.

"That's called seed dispersal," Grace says and goes on to explain the part it plays in the process of reproduction of a plant. We stop to examine a large, lichen-covered boulder and she describes how the acid secreted by the lichen helps disintegrate the rock and make soil. On the same rock we notice another leaflike lichen which, Grace says, helps in the next stage in the formation of new soil.

7:00 P.M.

Tonight at supper we noticed that the noise level had come down a few decibels. We could almost hear well enough to be able to carry on a conversation! The rigors of the long, full days at Bryant Pond, I notice with some satisfaction, seem to be taking their toll. I have "showers" to supervise tonight. I pray silently for a good night's sleep!

We are sitting in a circle on the mossy ground on the top of the hill above the lake. Far off from some sheltered cove we can hear the wild and lovely call of the loons who are nesting there. We will soon be looking for edible plants that may be growing in the vicinity of Rodgers' Hall as part of our study of survival methods and first aid.

Tom, who is wearing his yellow Glacier National Park jersey with the picture of a mountain goat on it, passes cards around to our group that have pictures of edible plants on their faces and lists of the valuable properties and uses of each on the backs.

"Remember," he cautions, "if you ever get lost in the woods, looking for food should not be your first priority. You can survive for as long as two weeks if you have enough drinking water available and don't exert yourself too much. Eating wild plants you're not sure of can be dangerous!

We walk down to the field near the stone gates and look for edible plants we can identify and find sheep sorrel (its leaves can be used in soups and salads), milkweed (its tender young shoots are said to be delicious boiled), and an elderberry bush (the leaves can be used for tea, its berries for jam or wine). The tiny, delicious wild strawberries have gone by, but near the stone gates Tom picks up a violet leaf and munches it.

"Mmmm—full of vitamins A and C," he says. We all try the leaves. I quickly spit mine out. It has a sharp, peppery flavor.

"It's good in salads, soups and teas," he assures us. He stops to pick up a fallen pine branch. "Even the inner bark—it's called the cambium—of this branch can be eaten—it's full of vitamins," he says, munching on a sliver while he cuts up others to offer to each of us. "Whaddya know?" he says, "Tastes just like a pine tree!"

8:45 P.M.

Midge is back from Saco and is helping get the girls to bed and quieted down. Tim told us at supper that he has already threatened any of the boys who keep on being noisy tonight by telling them he will make him sleep in his room with him. That should do it!

Wednesday, June 9th 8:30 A.M.

We are all in good spirits this morning. I thought I heard someone's alarm clock go off around five. After weeks of rain and grey gloom, the sun is brightly shining in a cloudless sky. Now, after breakfast, Tom is leading Yellow Group down the hill and through the woods on a "Natural Resource Inventory." I remember my tasting experience of last evening—there's no knowing what this will be like! I decide to take a break and check out the library at the "stone house."

A commemorative plaque outside the door reads: "Franklin A. Downie House. Dedicated Oct. 1, 1964 to the memory of Franklin A. Downie, Executive Director, whose work here from January 1, 1959 - November 5, 1964 was devoted to the advancement of an education program on the conservation of Maine's Natural Resources." The massive, three-story house of cement and fieldstones looks as if it has been built in the early 1900's. The Conservation School instructors live on the top two floors. Director Peter Dumont lives in a separate cottage

down by the lake.

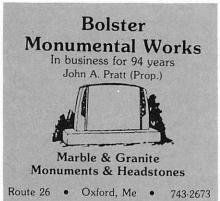
The shelves in the cool, dark library are filled with books about the environment: The Plants We Eat; Birds, Birds, Birds, etc. A pamphlet put out by the Conservation Education Foundation of Maine, Inc. states that the purpose of the Foundation is to "foster, through education, an understanding of Maine's environment and instill a sense of responsibility for conserving our natural resources. If we are to achieve this goal, we must develop sound concepts in our future citizens—today's young people."

The school, Peter had told us, is one of the oldest conservation schools in the country, and has been in operation continually for the past 26 years. Its programs are funded partly by the Department of Education which supplies the Director, and partly by private conservation and environmental protection groups. From other pamphlets I learn that the school is open from April 26th to October 15th. "This year," Peter told us, "we had to get a front-end loader to remove the snow so we could get in here! There was so much snow we couldn't even see out of the windows of Rodgers' Hall, and we lost Broccoli for awhile!"

The abilities of the students at the school range from the junior high school level to that of academically talented high school students throughout the state. There are several weeks of study during the summer for teachers who are earning recertification credits, as well as programs for migrant and learning disabled students, Grange members, and older citizens interested in conservation and in experiencing a week of wilderness living.

It is in an old history by Dr. J. C. Gallison (Old Times in Woodstock) that I learn that "Bryant Pond" is officially named "Christopher Lake." Christopher Bryant, after whom it was named, was the first white child to be born in Woodstock, Gallison tells us. He was born in 1798, the year when his father, Christopher, Senior, and his Uncle Solomon Bryant became the first settlers in Woodstock. Solomon earned a reputation for being a "digger"—one who dug in the woods for roots which have medicinal value. Another early settler, Dr. Gallison







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The inviting sparkle of sunlight on the lake through the library windows pulls me back from the past to today. I choose an interesting looking book, Classroom Out of Doors by Wilbur Schramm, and go down to the dock where a light breeze is ruffling the water.

Everyone seems happy just to be out in the sunshine. Anita, Bill and Peter come down to the dock. Peter says that he is pleased with the behavior of the Saco students. "You never know," he says, "what they'll be like." There is a scavenger hunt scheduled for this afternoon and, as a special treat, there will be a small campfire down near the lake behind Downie House after evening classes for toasting marshmallows for "s'mores" (toasted marshmallows and milk chocolate between two graham crackers).

Alone again after everyone has left, I open my book to the author's introduction: "While the rest of us are laying down more and more asphalt in our cities," Schramm writes, "and looking at the world more and more through mass media, they (the people of San Diego City and San Diego County in California) are transporting whole classrooms of children for a week to the mountains where nature can be seen, touched, studied and loved...

"This is more than a camping program...The camps are *schools* which are treated as an integral part of a child's studies..."

In San Diego County, he states, the wilderness experience is a required part of every 6th grade student's education and is provided without cost. This is one of the major differences between the California program and that offered by the Saco Schools to students in the Junior High. To be chosen to go to Bryant Pond, students at the Middle School have to meet certain qualifications and parents must pay \$50 for each student selected.

10:00 P.M.

Our dorm is quiet except for some-

one eating potato chips in a nearby room. This afternoon Anne Guiney's color group won the scavenger hunt. This evening after supper there was a long lineup of students waiting their turn on the porch to use the oldfashioned crank phone to call home. After the "mini" campfire, everyone's energy levels were high again (probably because of the ingestion of so much sugar!) and there was much talk about having a "raid," which Anita informs me, is a mad dash by the two sexes into each other's dorm to grab some article of clothing, all of this accompanied by much hysterical yelling and screaming.

Despite a certain amount of grumbling, we managed to squash that idea!

8:00 A.M.

There is high excitement in the air this morning. The students will be learning the proper handling of a gun and how to shoot a rifle in small groups, each under the supervision of a member of the Department of Inland Fisheries and Wildlife. I am watching Phil Morhouse (a patient, older man with a kindly sense of humor) give careful, explicit instructions to four students who sit at picnic tables aiming their guns at paper targets pinned to a fence several yards away.

There is the unforgettable smell of bubble gum in the clear morning air. John Tillyer, whom we have nicknamed, "Little John," chews his gum and holds his gun steady. Lori Belanger sits next to him. The apple-cheeked boy (still unidentified) has handled guns before and seems a little bored by all this preparation. Katie Chadbourne (she of the western straw hat) admits that she's nervous.

"All right," Phil says, after all of the instructions have been given, "close your bolts! No fingers on the triggers yet!" He waits. Lori's hand holding her gun trembles. "All right, now, shoot!"

Four shots ring out. Phil checks the targets. John's shot has hit one of the inner rings. Katie's bullet has missed the target completely. The unidentified boy is disappointed with his poor shot. Lori has hit the bullseye!

11:00 a.m.

Helen joins Anita and me on the dock where I am gathering strength

for this afternoon's hike up Christopher Mountain-an activity which Anita has decided to forego because of a slight cold she has caught. It is almost hot today. Wisps of white cloud move slowly across the blue sky. We watch a huge water spider skate across the still surface of the lake as we reassess the events of the past week. The kids have really been good, we all agree. The staff seems relaxed with us now. We have become acquainted with each other, almost friends. Even Merle Lang, who has been dubbed "Cookie" by the kids, was noticed smiling this morning as he served breakfast!

1:00 P.M.

We are gathered together in Rodgers' Hall before our climb up Christopher Mountain. It is not a very high mountain by most mountain climbers' standards, but it still has some steep trails and, on this hot afternoon, will be a challenge for many of us.

I choose to hike with Grace and Red Group. We cross the fish run, climb for awhile, then stop to rest in the cool forest shade near a mountain stream and "listen to the silence." The only sound is of the water dripping from the edges of mossy rocks. Grace removes her day pack from her shoulders and shows us its contents: bandana, compass, map of the area, a 15¢ whistle, a waterproofed package of matches, an extra pair of wool socks, etc.

"The first rule when you plan to hike anywhere," she says, "is to let someone know where you've gone. The second, especially if you get lost at night, is to admit that you're lost, stay where you are, make a fire and try to stay warm—don't panic, try to use good judgement."

After a short, steep climb up the trail, we hike through a sun-filled cutover space, filled with lush, new growth of trees. A hairy woodpecker, evidently guarding his mate's nest, flies frantically to and fro across the path. Grace tells us to stop for a moment and listen to the call of a white-throated sparrow, "Poor Sam Peabody, Peabody!" To me, it sounds somewhat like, "Poor teacher, teacher, teacher!" Grace points out bear claw marks, high up on the grey bark of a large beech tree. The scars are now filled in and

healed over—we figure they must be two or three years old.

Halfway up the mountain we stop at the "lemon juice squeezer," an enormous rock, probably a glacial erratic, that has split open down the middle by alternate contraction and expansion. Several students manage to squeeze through the narrow crack. Below the crest of the mountain we stop and rest in an open pasture. Grace opens her day pack and tosses oranges to us, which Peter's group eye enviously as they pass by on their way to the top. We yell out to Scott, just ahead of us, to look back and see the brown snake that has just slithered across the path in front of us.

At the top we take turns looking at the splendid view of lake and woods below us from a narrow ledge. Apparently unaffected by a fear of heights, Grace stands at the very edge facing us, her back to the sheer drop-off. Far below us we can see a tiny wooded island in the middle of the hard-looking grey-blue water.

Chris and Lori take Cokes and cookies out of a well-stocked blue canvas bag they have taken turns lugging up the mountain.

"What would you two do if you ever got lost in the woods and ran out of your junk food?" Grace laughs.

8:00 P.M.

We are in Rodgers' Hall for the Big Social Event of the week—the Dance. After seeing Tom's splendid slide show about the glaciers he has seen and photographed in his travels in Europe and the United States, there was a mad dash up to the dorms to get spruced up for this occasion. Anita was kept busy making French braids, and tying ribbons in girls' hair. The lingering smell of woodsmoke was dispelled by the sweetness of a variety of colognes.

Despite all this preparation, twentyfour girls now sit on this side of the hall and twenty-two boys sit on the other; and it looks to me that "never the twain will meet"! The music that several of the instructors taped last night for the kids is good and loud but the floor is empty until Grace and Scott start doing what Tim says is the "Funky Moose." It looks to me more like the fertility rites of some primitive





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PIKE'S HILL

the girl who dreamed geography looked down through windowscreens of trees patterning shadow shapes below scaling the stacked tiles of rooftops & towers changing the hours of clockwork & bells & ringing the pigeons & people inside out over the streets into trumpets of sky. the girl who dreamed geography absorbed the distant thunderclaps shuddering through the warring hills & dreamt that steeples needled nighttime, although she herself never really touched

bottom swimming toes only dipped under the broad lakes of life.

> Grete Goodwin Cape Neddick, ME

FARMER RENTS LAND

Corn for silage
row after row,
that's all, corn.
Unless you know.
There's good horse radish
down there,
where the old
tobacco barn was,
before weathered
boards were sold.
There's more,
if you look,
closely,
back.

JoAnne Zywna Kerr Weld, ME

DUSK

dusk the bewitching hour when daylight shapes blacken to silhouettes under a glowing sky and night drifts in on the evening breeze

only a moment held in suspension as if the earth is holding its breath before relenting to the darkness.

> Nancy J. Dalot Waterville, ME

tribe I've seen in a National Geographic Special! Helen, wearing a pretty flowered skirt and matching jersey, pulls one of the taller 8th grade boys out onto the floor to dance. Tim and Bill choose two shy little 6th grade girls, and suddenly, something *clicks* and almost everyone is dancing.

I nudge Anita. "Look!" Little John, still imperturbably chewing his gum, is dancing with one of the pretty 8th grade girls, who, somewhat taller than he, has to bend her head down to rest it on his shoulder.

Doreen Saucier, a tall, shy 8th grade girl who doesn't want to dance, comes over to chat with me. "I hope my alarm clock didn't wake you up every morning," she says, smiling. "I set it for five o'clock so I could get up and see the loons. They come in close to shore near the dock about that time."

The mystery is solved. I hadn't been dreaming about alarm clocks or just hearing things, after all!

Friday, June 11th 10:30 A.M.

We are on a last hike this morning up to Gorhman Hill to see the remains of an old farm that once existed here. Peter points out an ancient, twisted apple tree, the now empty cellar holes, the few remains left of the busy farm that once was here. The huge boulders in the cellar walls still hold back the earth and are a testament to the careful craftsmanship with which they had once been placed there. The woods seem filled with the ghosts of the hard-working settlers who are now sleeping forever in the village cemetery below this mountain.

This past week, too, I think to myself, will soon become just a memory. How much of what these young people have learned here will remain? I remember a moment in one of the movies we saw in Rodgers' Hall after supper. A snowy owl gazed at us solemnly while an even more solemn voice on the sound track reminded us that, all too often, we "forget about the natural world around us-ignore the destruction of our planet's renewable resources," and fail to see "the beauty in a blade of grass." I remember, too, some lines of a poem written on birchbark by a 6th grade student in Yellow

Group from a school in Medway, Massachusetts:

"We saw a real mountain stream And Gorhman's Hill was also keen When I get home I hope I can remember all I've seen."

12:30 P.M.

It is a time for saying goodbyes. The students' adrenalin level is high again. They scramble up the hill to get their belongings packed, and then down the hill again, lugging their heavy suitcases and bags to the waiting yellow school busses in the parking lot. Peter and all the instructors are here to see us off. Cameras click for one last time. Then 46 young voices shout, "Three cheers for Bryant Pond!" and a final "Three cheers for Cookie!"

Those interested in any of the Conservation School's programs may call Director Peter Dumont at 289-2512 or write to him at this address:

Division of Special Education
Department of Educational and
Cultural Services
State House Station 23
Augusta, Maine 04333

Artwork here & on pg. 6 by Dalmar McPherson





... Ayah SKI DOCTOR

It may be of interest to your readers to know that the "ski doctor" mentioned in Lauren MacArthur's article "Ski Pioneers" in the January/February issue of BitterSweet (1984) was Dr. Harold Shedd of North Conway, N.H., and that his father, Dr. George (also a doctor in N.H.) was born in north-eastern Waterford, close to the Albany line!

Dr. Harold's father attended the Liberal Institute in Norway (Maine) and graduated from the Medical School of Maine at Bowdoin College before beginning his medical practice at Bartlett, N.H. in 1879. Three years later, his son Harold was born.

When Harold was 9 years old, the family moved to North Conway, where Dr. George was joined in practice by his brother John. Dr. John was a graduate of Bowdoin Medical College, Class of 1891. He had been born on a small farm just above Swifts Corner in Norway, Maine.

Dr. Harold Shedd grew up in North Conway, graduated from Harvard Medical School in 1910, studied surgery at Boston City Hospital for a year, and in 1913, he, too, settled in North Conway to practice. Now there were three doctors Shedd: Dr. Harold, Dr. George and Dr. John!

Dr. George Shedd died during the flu epidemic of 1918, leaving Dr. Harold and his uncle to carry on the practice. I was one month old at that time.

I remember Hannes Schneider coming to North Conway. I remember the winter sports show at the Boston Arena, which Lauren MacArthur mentions in her article, and the giant ski slide that plunged down from rafters to floor. I remember the Granite hockey team, and the ice rink in North Conway. I remember standing on top of a snow-pile thrown up around the outside edge of that rink, watching "our boys" play

the Canadian teams. I remember Francis Savard and Arthur Callan. I even remember a ski jump built close to the top of one of the ledges west of town (long before the time of Hannes Schneider) and men who soared out like eagles from that dizzying height to land in the valley below.

My own first skis were given me by my father, when I was six years old.

Snow trains began coming up to North Conway from Boston each winter weekend after Hannes Schneider arrived, bringing crowds of people—some to ski, some to snowshoe, and some just to watch the others and get away from the city for a while. I remember how amused we young people used to be, to see women in high heels and silk stockings coming across from the station (right along with others more suitably clad) and how we would wonder just how they would manage, in all that snow! I rather expect that Carroll Reed's ski shop was one of the first places they looked for.

Dr. John Shedd was my father and I knew the other doctors and nurses and the hospital well...Dad died in North Conway in 1950, when he was 89 years old. Dr. Harold carried on the practice then, until December of 1964, when he suffered a heart attack and died. I had moved away by that time, but friends have told me how strange it seemed, for a time, not to be able to turn, if need be, to a Dr. Shedd! Dr. Harold and his father and Dr. John together had served the people of the valley for 85 years...that is the way they would want to be remembered.

Enclosed please find a picture taken (about 1938) of the snow train and the people coming into town from the North Conway railroad station.

Rebecca S. Thomas Luray, Virginia

MAINE FOLKS

Sarah Orne Jewett

She a spinster
Did rehearse
Life's full, vibrant chord,
The melody of silence
And make us, hopeful, pause
To contemplate the common man,
His tragedy record.
There was no firmer, surer touch
In telling us the tale
Of each of us alone but strong,
Leaning 'gainst the gale.

Edna St. Vincent Millay

I love her,
Envy and applaud,
Then seek to emulate,
But find my lyric stanzas
Go marching to their fate—
Hers the voice, the joy,
The grace
No one can reclaim,
The lovely, subtle melody,
The moving tide of Maine.

Margaret Chase Smith

She lessoned us in simple things—
Truth, integrity,
And turned against the charlatan
Hate, revenge and greed.
First woman then in everything,
She gave her colleagues fits—
All because she would not bend
To bargaining her plea
For every man's inherent right
To keep his conscience free.
Some tired at the end I guess
Of her schoolmarm stance,
But the beauty of her rose
Was no light happenstance.

Longfellow

They say his fame
Is tenuous
But legend may abide
Here where we find
The Portland tide
Rehearses still the rhyme
Of Continental elegance,
Our nation in its prime,
A learned man,
A silver tune,
The organ's thundrous peal
To sense, romance, and penitence,
A populace to heal.

Larry Billings Bryant Pond, ME



Theresa Thorne prepares a slab of clay. (Barton photos)

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... Wedgeworks

repeating my lines and hoping that I would not forget what I was supposed to say. I was not alone, nervously missing sleep; we were all in it together!

As is always the case in these situations, the Wedgeworkers presentations exceeded my expectations—which were high anyway, being based on past performances. Part of the program involved the "Potters" showing clay work that they had created and explaining the techniques that they used. Mrs. Jamerson and I were delighted when the students, on their own initiative, began questioning each other in order to make the processes as clear as possible to the audience.

At the end of the program, Vicki Strout gave a demonstration on the potter's wheel. I admit that I don't have the courage for this task! Working on the wheel is very tricky and being before a large group of people only compounds the difficulty. Vicki, although just learning, was not intimidated. With Greg on one side so that he could watch the wheel go around and Toni on the other, she centered the clay, opened it, and began to pull up the walls. Toni sponged water over the clay, then cleaned the edges of the wheel, anticipating Vicki's moves. It was not until the demonstration was over that Vicki explained that she was unable to take her hands away from her work because of problems with the clay. Although not a word was spoken, Toni had sensed her need and acted as an extra pair of hands so that Vicki was able to succeed.

That reminded me of another time that Toni provided an extra hand. We were doing a workshop at Pineland Center of the Very Special Arts Festival. A young girl in a wheel chair had the use of only one arm. The two girls, one physically handicapped, the other mentally handicapped, worked together to shape a graceful pinch pot.

It is this sensitivity and supportive spirit that make the Wedgeworkers so special to me. In my view, that's what the "special" in special education is about!

Charlene Manchester Barton is a teacher, writer, and musician in Cornish, Maine. ... Young People's Writing

SAIL TO HEAVEN



N DREAMS

Sail away on a calm blue sea. No boat. Free winds, sweeping sails. Billowing clouds. Take away to skies with light heart. Grassy meadows, a thousand miles of green wonder. Sail to heaven. in your dreams.

Kim Wade

SYMBIOSIS

The waves washed over the last of the sandy beach; it had been completely covered in only eight minutes. Now the sea was devouring the rocks that outlined the inner part of the island consisting of plains, hills, and mountains.

As the island foresaw its oncoming fate, it began a dialogue defending its existence. Here is that conversation between the ocean and the island as I, a lone seagull, witnessed

"Come swallow me. My fight has been long and noble. Swallow me that you can claim victory over such universally compared nothingness as I."

"You resist too long and hard; you have destroyed yourself. You concentrated only on growing within and not with supporting life, as is your purpose. You denied this purpose, it could have preserved you from my wrath."

"My fight has been a desperate one from your constant threat. I have had no time for life."

"Time is not allotted to purpose; purpose is allotted to time."

"What are words? Why do you torment me with chaffing philosophies? Swallow me, you great engulfer. You are death, yet you speak of life. After you swallow me you will burp my remnants to all corners of the earth."

"We can only define life in inverse terms of death—direct opposites. From your death life will spring up when you denied it the chance on your soil."

"I merely did not have the time to nurse it. If life cannot grow without my constant nourishing, I want no part of it."

The waters had ascended to the bottom of the hills. Gradually it moved higher and higher towards the mountain peaks.

My majestic rebellious pedestals, symbols of great aspiration, are brought down by the flow of your will."

"If the mount won't go to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the Mountains."

'You almost touched on humor, but it lacked timing."

"We laugh when we are afraid; we cry when it is hopeless."

"Am I your philosophical study?"

"YOU, my friend, are lunch."

"Again-

"timing?

"you are getting the point. How do you justify my death to the universe?"

"I kill a friend to benefit a world. You are put away when you ignore the purpose for which you were created-to be a home, an abode for life. What have you to offer to appease your accuser?"

'Look around! My accuser has already made judgement and begun punishment. Has the accuser forgotten that he is the judge as well as the hangman?"

'Not for one moment."

"MY defense could rest. Prejudice is not allowed in court."

"Your defense will rest in a moment."

"All right, I give my last words for history to record. I offer you the method for which I have chosen to live. I have not become a hanger for life to rest upon and benefit from; I agree with guilt. I was not made just for others; otherwise I would not have my own mind but just be a thoughtless pillow for their comfort. I have fought for existence without the help of others as I expect others to live without me. I have fought to rise in my own way to become great, still remaining as I was created, with strength and profound magnificence in individuality. I have met the greatest challenge put before anything with every ability I have. I am guilty only of failure in the impossible."

The highest peak vanished under the waves crashing together. The ocean laughed in foaming sprays at the failure of the island to justify survival.

I flew into the night searching for a spot to rest. Finally, I had to descend upon a floating piece of driftwood. It took three days of flight before I spotted land.

> Kim Wade Madisonville, Ky.





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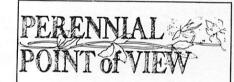
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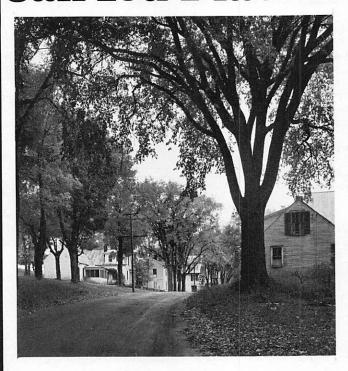


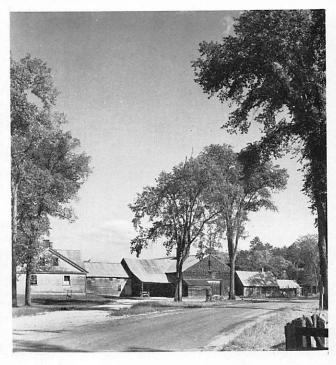
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LAST MONTH'S LOCALE: Historic North Conway, pictures loaned by Helen Nute. Below are two more North Conway shots. At left is the Baptist Parsonage, built in 1843; at right the Bellevue Coach in front of MacMillan House in the 1890's.





Homemade

BREADS MADE FROM THE FRUITS OF SUMMER

by Beatrice H. Comas

When ripe fruits and berries are most succulent we look for as many ways as possible to utilize them. What better way to start a summer day than with a breakfast which includes breads made from the fruits of summer. They are especially welcome for afternoon or evening snacks served with softened butter, cream cheese or honey butter.

Strawberry-Pecan Bread

3 cups all-purpose flour

1 teaspoon baking soda

1 teaspoon salt

2 cups sugar

4 eggs

11/4 cups chopped pecans

11/4 cups melted butter or

margarine

2 pints fresh strawberries, mashed Combine dry ingredients. Chop berries into coarse pieces. Beat eggs well. Add berries and eggs to dry ingredients, stirring to mix. Pour into 2 greased loaf pans and bake for 1 hour at 350° F. Cool in pans 10 minutes before turning out. Serve at room temperature with honey butter or cream cheese.

Lemon Blueberry Bread

3/4 cup sugar

1/4 cup butter, room temperature

2 eggs, beaten

Peel of 1 lemon, coarsely grated

2 cups flour

21/2 teaspoons baking powder

1 teaspoon salt

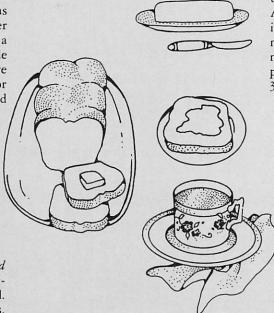
3/4 cup milk

1/2 cup fresh blueberries

2 tablespoons fresh lemon juice

2 tablespoons sugar

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 9 x 5-inch loaf pan. Cream sugar and butter in bowl until fluffy. Add eggs and lemon peel and beat well. Sift all but 2 tablespoons flour with baking powder and salt. Add alternately with milk to



creamed mixture, beating until smooth after each addition. Combine remaining 2 tablespoons flour with blueberries and gently fold into batter. Turn into pan and bake 1 hour. Cool in pan 10 minutes, then pierce carefully with fork. Mix lemon juice and sugar and spoon over bread. Serve when topping is set, or wrap in foil and freeze. Serves 8 to 10.

Pear Bread

1 cup chopped pears, with or

without peel

1/2 cup cooking oil

1 cup sugar

2 eggs

1/2 teaspoon vanilla

1/4 cup sour cream

2 cups flour

1 teaspoon soda

1/4 teaspoon cinnamon

1/4 teaspoon nutmeg

1 cup chopped walnuts

Blend sugar and oil. Add eggs, one at a

time, beating well after each addition. Add vanilla and sour cream. Sift dry ingredients together and add to egg mixture. Beat well. Fold in pears and nuts. Pour into greased 9 x 5-inch loaf pan or into 2 smaller pans. Bake at 350° F. for 1 hour.

Pureed Fruit Bread

2 cups pureed fruit (bananas, peaches, nectarines, plums, pears)

2 cups sugar

1 cup cooking oil

4 eggs

1/2 cup sour cream

2 teaspoons vanilla 4 cups sifted flour

2 teaspoons baking powder

1 teaspoon salt

1/2 teaspoon nutmeg

1/2 teaspoon cinnamon

1 cup chopped walnuts

Pare and slice or chop well-ripened fruit of your choice. Purée in blender enough fruit to yield 2 cups. Set aside. In large bowl of electric mixer, beat together sugar and oil until well blended. Beat in eggs, one at a time. Add sour cream and vanilla. Sift together dry ingredients. Add to sugar mixture, beating until well blended. Stir in pureed fruit and walnuts. Spoon into well greased pans of your choice. Bake at 350° F. until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean.

2-9 x 5-inch pans 60 minutes 4-71/2 x 31/2-inch pans 50 minutes 8-5½ x 3-inch pans 40 minutes

Cool in pans 10 to 15 minutes. Turn out. Cool on rack. Store well-wrapped in refrigerator or freezer, and to serve, slice thin and spread with softened butter or cream cheese, if desired.

South Portland resident Beatrice Comas is a regular contributor to Maine Life and other publications.

MY GRANDFATHER'S WELL

The well wasn't fancy. It was never painted by an artist and few, if any, ever took a picture of it. But to the residents of our area it was a landmark, a constant friend ready to offer a cool drink of spring water to a young boy coming home from an afternoon of trout fishing or an old man herding his cows back to the barn for milking.

During the dry summers of my youth, I can remember seeing cars parked beside the road and watching neighbors dip their pails into the water because the faucets at home had gone dry. No one was denied; every visitor left refreshed.

My Grandfather Stevens owned the well and farmland that surrounded it. He was an old man, but not even he could remember exactly when the spring had been dug out and the planks had been set in place to prevent its caving in. They almost resembled an old straightbacked chair without its bottom. Through the years the wood had turned gray and the grain had been raised. The edges on the rim were rounded, polished through years of use, and inside a soft green moss grew just above the cool clear spring water. An ancient tin dipper dangled from a nail driven in the side of an old fence post just behind the back. Sometimes there was a glass turned over and set on top.

My brothers and I always stopped and pushed our bikes off the tar to check the spring. We'd find some small pebbles in the gravel beside the tar and plop them into the dark water trying to follow them as they sank. Sometimes we used to imagine there was no bottom and invent stories about creatures that lived in the misty depths. Sooner or later our grandfather would be there. None of us ever heard him coming and our only warning would be when his reflection suddenly appeared along with ours on the surface of the water.

"Stop fillin' the well with rocks, boys," he'd say. "Why don't ye do somethin' useful and come help me with chores?"

After the cows were milked and the eggs collected, we'd follow the old man

into the farm house. He'd sit in an old rocking chair and begin telling stories about when he was a boy; and when he did, his steel blue eyes got as clear as the water in his well. Somehow his tales were more than just simple anecdotes. Each one held a tiny piece of history, something that might have been forgotten if it weren't for the old man. Each one held us there and when it was finished, we waited patiently for another.

"The barn was built in 1861, boys—least that's what I was told."

"Your great-grandfather was a big strong man. He'd carry a grain sack in each hand. I'll never forget the day he..."

"I met your grandmother down in Ogunquit back in the '20's. She'd come down from Nova Scotia for the summer."

"Did I tell you about the man with the cannon in Kennebunk? My father was there when it exploded."

"We used to peddle vegetables to the tourists down in Ogunquit back in the '30's. Sometimes your father'd come along. Back then he'd almost fit in a bushel basket. Ye don't believe me, do ve?"

Then it was time to leave. His stories were ours to pass on now and somehow that understanding enlightened us. The thirst and the desire to know our past had been quenched, at least temporarily. On the way back home, we'd stop at the well again. Although none of us realized it at the time, looking into the water was like looking into the old man.

Years passed; I entered high school and visited the familiar white farm house less often. Sometimes driving up the road on the way to a friend's house, I'd look for the well and then for my grandfather. They were always there, a constant source, an unchanging bridge to the past. Each was important not for their plain and worn appearance, but for what they contained within. Both waited patiently, always ready to share a treasure with any man who would stop and take the time to reach inside.

Before I left for college, I went to see my grandfather, and we walked the lines around the farm. There were more stories; some old, others new. The old man looked tired and walked more slowly than usual.

"Why do you keep looking back, Grandpa?" I asked impatiently. "We'll never get back at this rate."

"I need to remember it, boy. There's pieces of me scattered all over this field, in them woods, in that old barn, the house, and even the well. They're what I am. Don't forget who you are, boy." For a moment his eyes weren't clear, but dazed. His face looked pale and worn out. The end was near.

Later that fall it was off to college and any memories of home seemed distant and far away. Caught up in a different world, I was busy learning new things, meeting new people, and exploring new pathways. Each step opened a different door that led me further away. This flood of discovery left little time to remember the words of my grandfather.

Another year passed. I read in letters from home that the old man wasn't getting out much. He'd sold the cows and wasn't able to cut or stack wood any longer. Leaving the house was almost impossible—even the short walk to the well. "It won't be long now," my parents reported, and I knew they were right. At 86, he'd outlived his childhood friends and neighbors. When Grandpa was gone, it would mark the end of an era. Too bad the old has to die to make way for the new

Still the old man, who'd always resisted change, persisted and clung to life through another winter and spring. The days took their toll, though. Each step was harder to take and every breath was more labored. Enduring the pain almost valiantly, he struggled on, refusing to give up. Several times the ambulance came and took him to the hospital. There was little the doctors could do, so my grandfather left—always against the doctors' advice.

"Home's the place for me now," he'd explain. "There ain't any cure for old age." On a hot muggy night in July, he passed away.

After the funeral I rode with my parents past the farm on the way to the family burial ground. The buildings looked like always except that there were a few more cars parked in the yard.

Farther down the road, just before the grave site, I saw the well. "What happened?" I asked.

"The state took out the old planks and put in some new cement tiles when they widened the road," my father answered. "Why?"

"The engineers said a spring that close to the road was a health hazard with all the salt and calcium they use now-a-days. They wanted to fill it in, but your grandfather fought them. It was about the only thing that kept him going. In the end he had to compromise and let the road crew put in those tiles."

"I liked it the way it was!"

"So did the rest of us, but they're both gone now, the well and your grandfather. There's nothing left except for what we can remember."

Throughout his life, my grandfather Stevens was a well. From this single source future generations had sprung. No man that had come to him in need left denied or refused. He could listen while a neighbor told his problems and there was always a story for a young boy curious about his family and its past. Like a thirsty man remembers his last cool drink, I remember my grandfather. Each day I see parts of him in my father, my brothers, my sons, and even me. These are the times that I miss the old man the most and wish for a chance to tell him that I haven't forgotten who I am.

> Ansel E. Stevens, Jr. Bar Mills, Maine

PACE, NOT HASTE

If I hadn't consciously said, each day of this past summer, "I am enjoying this day immensely; it is moving at just the right pace for me" and impressed this upon my thought, I would now be lamenting the rapid passing of that special season of the year around which my other ten months pivot.

But as I lay on my beach towel on the dock beside our dear little lake, I rehearsed daily my exultation so that at summer's end I would know that I had truly savored every minute. I assured myself that each day was being spent just the way I chose to spend it, that I had not a regret about lying endlessly in the sun or reading a book right through the lunch hour, or not sweeping the

cabin. I was moving at the impulse of a deeper current to which I can respond only during the unstructured days of summer.

These days are laced together with spontaneous visits to Cozy Corners, the brown stained camp next door where my mother and aunt summer. After corresponding with them through the winter months, it is satisfying to have instant communication. "Come and see Phoebe's babies. They're almost ready to leave their nest in the woodshed," we would eagerly announce. "We've arranged a special mushroom tour for you-er, excuse us, the mushrooms arranged it. They sprouted overnight, pearl white, tangerine, mauve, and lemon yellow. One even collected an acorn and a leaf on its upturned cap." "Come quickly to see the pair of white admiral butterflies on my lavendar slacks hanging on the clothesline."

Nights as we carefully pick our way along the worn path between the cabins, we can hear the rustle of leaves as toads hop busily about the woods, replacing the scurrying chipmunks of daytime. In the warmth of the fireplace on chilly evenings, we record moments precious to each of us in our "Nicest Thing" notebook.

"Stopping at the spring after raspberrying and drinking its cold water and splashing it on my face."

"Lying on the beach and reading ENJOYING MAINE by Bill Caldwell."

"Climbing into the cave under Kezar Falls...it's scarey!"

Maybe to friends who didn't go away this summer, it seems as though we've just been to the store down the street.

"Where did the summer go?" they exclaim upon our return in the fall.

Dare I tell them that mine didn't go, that it's right here, right where I am. It wasn't fleeting, but lingering and sweet and filled to overflowing with all the good things that make summer so special.

I can pluck the strings of memory at a moment's notice and replay those brisk early mornings tending the bacon on the woodburning stove, those hazy, lazy days on the beach, our literary hour after supper, sitting in front of the glowing fireplace, and the canoe ride by moonlight to the beaver's dam at the entrance to the fourth pond. I can evoke the satisfaction of sharing with loved ones images

and impressions as fresh as just-picked blueberries, and I can recall instantly the pleasure of crawling between the blankets of the army cot on the porch and snuggling down to await the first hoohoo of the barred owl on the cool night

Bemoan the passing of summer if you wish, but this summer I refuse to be robbed. For me it was replete with every minute giving its fullest measure, not once, but as many times as I wish to reach into the well of remembrance. Here I draw the sustenance that keeps me going through the next ten months until it is summertime again.

T. Jewell Collins North Waterford

A DEDICATED TEACHER

A tragic accident ended the life of Alice Cleveland Boothby—a life of service. The newspaper account of the tragedy was clear, concise and factual, but to us who knew her there was so much to be read between the lines.

Mention was made that she had been a teacher for many years. Few of our younger people realize what this involved. Miss Boothby did most of her teaching in a one-room rural school where she taught seven or more subjects to all eight grades. Quite often she was also the janitor, arriving very early on winter mornings to start a fire in the old box stove, sometimes bringing her own kindling. Those old buildings were almost impossible to heat in severe weather. A great many times we drew the old settees around the old stove and studied there because the seats farthest from the stove were so cold. Some days we had to give up and go home.

Teachers of that day walked to school or drove horses until the automobile came into general use, and for years thereafter the automobile was of no use in winter. I believe Miss Boothby was one of the first women in our community to drive in winter. Sometimes she conveyed some of her students to and from school. We used to laugh about the eccentricities of Miss Boothby's Chevy touring car but she and it carried us over many miles—and, in winter, those country miles were long.

She regarded her students as her boys and girls; referred to them as such. She

knew them as individuals and tried to understand their problems. If I were asked to describe her in one word I think I should use the word "kind." I have never known a person who was more reluctant to wound anyone by word or deed.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene

The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear.

And many a rose is born to blush unseen

And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

This woman was not destined to sit in the councils of the mighty, yet nothing is so sorely needed by our troubled world as those qualities of kindness and tolerance which she possessed in such measure. Were the policy makers of our time more generously endowed with them there need be no world peace problem. To me she is symbolic of the hundreds and thousands of men and women who have been truly dedicated to the teaching profession. No legislation, no expenditure can call forth this dedication: it is a voluntary offering, and to it America and her people owe more, perhaps, than they realize. These people do not die. The things they teach live on in the minds of their students and are taught by them to their children.

Thursday I shall try to go back to the little white church on the hill and pay my last respects to this woman who gave of herself so freely. I may be moved to weep that her little world will know her no more and because she will be missed in the community in whose affairs she had been active all her life. I shall not weep for her; there is no need. Surely, The Great Teacher has long had her name on His Honor Roll and, for her, last Monday was Commencement.

(She was born in Limington and lived here all of her life. She graduated from Limington Academy and Gorham Normal School. Alice Boothby's life ended in a head-on collision on Route 25 Mon. Dec. 29, 1958 ae 74 years. She taught school in Standish, Cornish, Limington, Casco and North Windham for fortyeight years.

Sent in by one of her students Jewell Libby North Limington, Maine



THE OLD WELL

On days when I make the trek to town To fetch the mail and purchase some things, I pass by a rustic old well—

Its aged weather cover nearly hidden by grass That turns to gold in the cold autumn weather:

And across the road an abandoned house Stares forlornly through broken windows And a battered-in door that hangs by a rusty hinge

At cars and trucks that go whizzing by At speeds never dreamed of when I was a boy.

I remember long, long ago When Grandfather and I went trundling along

In his big blue dump cart now stored under the barn.

We would sit together high upon the seat; I would get to drive the horse,

and that was always a treat. On hot, dusty days when we approached this same place,

Grandfather would say, "Pull up the hosses under the tree;

We'll drink some cold water and chat for a a spell

With old Tom Allen that's carrying water From the well to the barn to water his stock."

And so we drank its cool, sweet water
From a large tin dipper that hung from a nail
In the trunk of a stately old oak tree.
Grandfather and Tom would talk of the
weather.

Of haying and crops, and whether or not there would be an early winter.

Old Tom always had a twinkle in his eye That hid the sorrow he must have felt, For his wife and two boys for many years Had lain in their graves

In the little cemetery up on the hill,

And his daughter—well, she ran off with a drummer

To some big city—Chicago, they say; Anyway, she seldom came home to visit her pa.

Old Tom would always get around to asking me,

"Son, have ye et any peanuts?
Ya 'member what I told ye that last time ye was here.

If ye eat too many, ya' face, 'twill turn all black—

And for gosh sakes don't never chaw tobaccy."

A lot of years have come and gone; Grandfather and Old Tom have long since passed away.

I'm living on Grandfather's old farm, And I suppose my son will when I'm gone; At least that's what he tells me from time to time.

And I believe him, for he loves the land.

But Old Tom—he wasn't so lucky; There wasn't anybody to care about his place. Oh, his daughter came to see him buried After someone found him dead in the kitchen

With two buckets of water sitting on the floor. Her husband and two boys came too, But they held no love for the land, Being city folks and putting on airs; They wanted no part of country life. As soon as they could board up Old Tom's place,

They caught the first train back to the city.

The other day I stopped at the well; The tree is gone and so is the tin dipper, But I wasn't thirsty anyway. No, I just stopped to see If the water still flowed into the well.

If the water still flowed into the well.

I lifted the decaying old cover and looked down

And saw my reflection in the clear cool water That Grandfather and I used to drink when we were dry

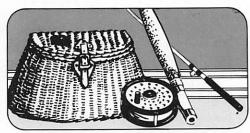
On a hot and dusty summer's day. "Dump some watah inter the trough So the hosses can drink, too," I can still hear my grandfather say.

I half-way expected to see Old Tom—A pail in each hand—cross the road To draw water from the well. For a moment I felt the boy in me Come running back from the remote past, And I felt the urge to say, "Tom, I ain't et no peanuts Nor chawed no tobaccy neither."

Once again I could see the twinkle
Dancing about in Old Tom's eyes
And hear him say with a chuckle,
"Well, now, boy, ain't that good;
Ya face 'twahnt turn all black,
And, afta' all, no body never 'mounted to
nuthin'

Who wasted his time chawin' on tobaccy."

Jack C. Barnes Brookfield Farm Hiram, Maine



WEATHER OR NOT

It's 6:20 p.m.—do you know where *your* family is? I can tell you where mine is with a fair degree of certainty—glued to the TV weather report, that's where.

Now to comprehend how novel a position this is, several things have to be understood. In the first place, our livelihood does not depend closely on the weather-we neither farm nor fish to support ourselves, and right now we're busy enjoying life at a summer cottage. In the next place, for ten months of the year, in our city lives in North Carolina, none of us is at all preoccupied with weather or weather reports. One reason for this is that nothing we do would be affected much by weather-cars and buses run, school and work go on pretty much the same, no matter how the wind blows or the clouds accumulate. Another reason for indifference to weather during the rest of the year is how boring it is in that part of the country. This is no exaggeration. I once heard a weather reporter at home get carried away with the sameness of it all. One evening in May he announced the forecast. "So for the next three days, days will be partly cloudy, hot and humid with a chance of afternoon thundershowers." Then he shrugged in disgust, "Ah, let's be honest; might as well say that's the forecast till the end of September." No excitement there for sure.

Now, it is partly excitement with the change of it all that keeps us coming back each evening at 6:20 for another Maine weather forecast. I've heard all the cliches about New England weather shifts coming every ten minutes, but the cliches don't quite prepare you for the dramatic reality of changing clothes six times a day to keep up with the additions of temperature, cloud and wind. I've sat on the beach on a bright sunny day and wondered what a funny sort of

roaring sound coming from one end of the pond was, only to be drenched a minute later, as I belatedly realized the roar was a rainstorm approaching rapidly from the west.

It may be due to the rapidly changing systems that weather forecasting in this area of Maine seems to be such an inexact science. Otherwise how can you explain such widely separated predictions as can be heard on the same morning. Three of us got together to discuss the timing for a berry-picking expedition. Two beginning statements: "Well, the radio said a cloudy morning, showers coming late today, then clearing, so we'd be better off leaving it till tomorrow." "I heard showers early, then clearing this afternoon, more rain tomorrow, looks like this afternoon is our best shot." A look of astonishment from the third. "Well, I heard today was going to be the best day of the whole week, very unsettled systems coming through." Impossible to plan berry-picking, or even have a good argument, on the basis of such differing authoritative statements.

Now, inexact or not, these forecasts are all I've got, and I depend on these weather predictions greatly in planning our social life here. No point in inviting our swimming enthusiast friend to come out on the two coldest days of the summer. One of the difficulties about making summer invitations for specific dates two months in advance is that it's only the night before that the weather edict is issued. I've never actually made a frantic long distance call to postpone the visit, pleading bad weather as an excuse, but I've been sorely tempted. Even the strongest city friendship can be noticeably weakened by a long weekend inside a damp grey cottage, rain pouring down outside, when the visiting family has three children who arrived wearing swim fins and goggles for the beach, a father with a new fishing rod he wanted to try out, and a large shaggy dog who never quite loses his odor of wet fur during the whole visit.

Personally, I wouldn't be a weather person in Maine, in the summer at least, for anything—my character's just not strong enough to be able to endure the thought of publicly announcing rain for the next four days out of someone's

At The Cottage

by Carol Gestwicki

week of vacation. Nor am I inventive enough to be able to plausibly sidestep the anchorman's Monday questions on why, after I had predicted a perfectly gorgeous weekend, everyone had dodged clouds, wind and showers for three days. Perhaps because so much of our summer lives revolve around outdoor activities, weather takes on great urgency.

"Mom says we have to listen to the weather before she'll say if we can sleep out."

"Want to go fishing?" "I don't know—when's the rain supposed to come?"

"Do you think it'll be too windy to canoe to the falls?"

How could a mere weather reporter live with knowing such crucial decisions depended on those all-important words at 6:20? And with knowing that those words were being repeated over and over again, on beaches, over drinks, everywhere that people get together. We may not be able to do anything about the weather here around the cottage, but we sure can talk about it.

The language of weather forecasting here in Maine takes a particularly sensitive ear to interpret accurately. It has occurred to me from time to time that the Publicity Bureau might just have a vested interest and influence in the subtleties of description. "Partly cloudy" means you might catch four brief glimpses of the sun today, if you squint. "Clearing possible late today" means prepare to spend the whole rainy day by the fire, and plan the same for most of tomorrow. "A sea breeze will cool the shore" means it will be so muggy inland at the lake that the big horseflies will buzz by in squadrons, and no one will stop swimming till after dark.

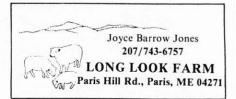
But I guess the most compelling force that has drawn us back to the 6:20 weather in past years used to be the sheer entertainment value of the seg-

ment reporting weather from the station atop Mt. Washington. The weather observatory there has some unique characters, who were familiar faces when the camera switched to the "top of Mt. Washington." We learned their names and faces, their own ways of stating Mt. Washington's dramatic weather. Most were fairly straightforward, depending on the report of fifty-mile-an-hour winds or two-hundred-mile visibility to carry its own weight. But one of the weathermen there had a style so unique my kids have been known to invite people in to watch on the nights we knew he was on. He had a short crew cut from the 50's. round eyes behind round horn-rimmed glasses, and a near-permanent bow tie. His accent and intonation were an exaggeration of every Down East story you've ever heard. He even tried to imply he had become a little "mountain eccentric." During more than one report he stroked a large cat continuously as he spoke. But it's clear he had a fine appreciation for the aesthetics of his job. He graphically described sunsets, moonrises and dense fogs before he gave meteorological facts. And then-"wait now, here it comes" warns our youngest-he finishes with a wide mouthed, ear-toear grin. Always. Never failed.

Now I ask you—for the drama and entertainment of it all—how could a packaged big city news show hope to compete with a Maine summer weather report? Hurry—it's almost 6:20.

(Note: An inquiry to WMTW revealed that they have discontinued the live reports from Mt. Washington, because "it was felt that on-camera weather reporting was inappropriate with their other duties." We've missed it.

We've also learned that our enjoyment of that particular weather reporter—Marty Ingstrom—was shared by others. He was featured in a national interview and sample weather forecast on the ABC show GOOD MORNING AMERICA in Sept. '82.)



View Askew

by Robert Skoglund

THE VALUABLE PIG

Three years ago, I started recording stories that I'd heard from my venerable next-door neighbor, Gramp Wiley. Back then, a column might have started out something like this: "Gramp Wiley just told me about a man he knew fifty years ago who..."

Or I might have written, "Yesterday afternoon Gramp Wiley pounded his fist on the arm of his rocker and hollered, 'Back when I was a boy there was no pollution'."

But too often after I'd rushed home to write Gramp's story I would see the same yarn in *Yankee* magazine or in a book by John Gould. That's why I no longer hurry to record his boyhood memories.

Now, I hold each story for thirty days. If I don't see it within a month, I figure it's true. After all, Gramp is almost 80. Something worth telling must have happened to him in that amount of time.

It was last month sometime that Gramp leaned back in his rocker and said, "Years ago I was walking by Perigrew Latroon's place when I noticed a pig stumping about on a wooden leg. Back in those days I was kind of curious, so I ran over to the barn where Perigrew was working, to find out about it.

"That's a nice looking pig out there,' I said by way of introducing him to the topic. That's a valuable pig,' Perigrew says. Last year the barn caught fire, but that pig climbed out of his pen and made a racket over by the kitchen door until I came out and noticed the smoke. We got it out and saved the place. My son, Meriton, is chief of the volunteer fire department, you know. When he first brought Claudette home from France they moved in here. All the volunteer firemen come here for their meetings—Meriton is chief, you know. Claudette

still thinks that half the young men in this country fight fires. I guess she figures the other half set them.'

"Perigrew was a talker," Gramp said. "Get him started and he'd tell you about his relatives and his wife's relatives and all of their friends. But he had forgotten about the pig, and I wanted to know why it had a wooden leg, so I nudged him back in that direction by saying, 'That pig out there must go three/four hundred pounds.' 'Yes sir,' says Perigrew, 'That's a valuable pig. When I got caught in a piece of machinery last summer that pig ran over to the kitchen door and carried on until Meriton came out and unhooked me. For a week or so Isobel Dyer was in here every afternoon to see how I was getting along. She'd stay until we ate and of course we had to feed her, too. One night when we'd finished eating, I let the dog lick the plates and then I just put them up in the cupboard. She never came back.

"'One of her boys was a policeman. He got so good at detecting thieves that he became one. The other boy was a sign painter—made "Next Window Please" signs for banks, sold millions of them through the mail and got rich. He came by here once with an awful headache—said his brain felt like it was about ready to explode. I told him he didn't have to worry about injuring too many people."

"But did Perigrew ever tell you why the pig had a wooden leg?" I asked.

Gramp Wiley said, "Every time I mentioned the pig he'd ramble off on something else, so I finally said, 'Perigrew. Why does that pig have a wooden leg?' And he said, 'That's a valuable pig, sir; and you can't expect I'm going to eat a valuable pig like that all at once.'"

Robert Skoglund ©1983



Robert Skoglund writes from his home at "The Center of the Universe," St. George, Maine. He can be heard on National Public Radio, and is available for M.C. and dinner speaking engagements.

FANTASY IS FOREVER

They tell me fairy tales are out of date... that adolescent space-age children sneer at fables where the elfin folk appear but that is just a myth adults create. Most modern boys and girls appreciate the wonder of a magic atmosphere: their faces glow with interest when they hear the old-time fantasies that I relate. Young people dream of walking on a star or flying to a lunar landing site and safely coming back to earth again. There will be some who cannot travel far away, but they may be the ones to write the fairy-tales for future sons of men.

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Three Poems by Otta Louise Chase

TRANSIENCE

Summer, complacent with youthfulness, is soon gone, leaving memories to recompense Winter.



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RETROSPECT

Today
the color seems
subdued, and not at all
the bright kaleidoscope
that we expect
of Fall.
How strange
that looking back
next spring, we will recall
these months held everything
that we expect
of Fall.

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Notes From Brookfield Farm

by Jack Barnes

Can it be that September is here and that we are once again witnessing the denouement of summer? There is at present little that distinguishes early September from late August, except that many of the warblers I knew so well when they arrived in the spring now reappear like old friends whom I have not seen for many months.

The leaves are just as green as summer, or almost. Perhaps there is a touch of gold here and there, a certain crispness in the air some mornings, and the fog lingers a little longer in the valley. The sky seems to be a touch more azure in contrast to the whiteness of the clouds that drift silently by. And, is it my imagination, or do the crows that have been about all summer call to each other from the tops of white pines in a more raucous voice, and is the shrill cry of the jays a note higher in pitch?

September is like a brief intermezzo before the arrival of flamboyant and vibrant October, and the icy fingers of the first frost bring death at a touch to such tender plants as our okra, egg plant, squash, and lima beans. It is an ominous reminder that life is very fragile, at least for the delicate. One can, of course, prolong the inevitable by covering as much as possible, but I seldom do. There are too many other more pressing matters that must be attended to at this time of year, at least here at Brookfield Farm. Am I being fatalistic or cruel because I say to my plants that are vulnerable to the frost, "You are in the hands of Nature; I shall do nothing to save you?"

It is not that I do not care deeply for each plant and wish each could go on flowering and bearing as if there were some sort of elixir that would allow them to continue. After all, it was I who prepared the soil, waited patiently for the sun to warm the earth to the proper temperature, put the seed into the ground and fought long and hard to win the battle against the weeds and squadrons and waves of insects that came by air and land to invade our farm. The most desperate battle of all was to save the egg plant from the omnivorous potato bugs which have constitutions like that lustful Russian monk Rasputin. Be that as it may, the crops have been bountiful, and I shall be delighted if we can make it through until October without a frost.

I have mowed the fields for the last time and have packed all the hay I can cram into our small barn; and now I can only hope that I have enough to see the sheep through the long winter that all too soon will be upon us.

As I look from one end of the intervale down to where the field converges with the wood, I see there remaining a cluster of Queen Anne's lace, purposely left for aesthetic reasons. And then, of course, I mowed around the sweet peas that were planted beneath a wild apple tree by some unknown bird, achieving the same sort of immortality as my cousin Dr. Barnes did by so thoughtfully setting out a row of conifers that he brought down from his land in Upton. They will be here long after he and I have left this earth. I hope the sweet peas will, too. When I am hauling out a load of wood, I enjoy pausing long enough to pick a bouquet of these lovely, flourishing flowers for my wife to arrange in a Fuji vase and place on the dining room table.

"These may be the last flowers of the year, at least from our land," I say to her.

Since she is a southern girl, I wonder if such moments as this do not cause her to feel a touch or two of nostalgia. I cannot tell, for some things she hides well.

The iron rake that sat in solitude up on the hill above the house all last winter I have left in the valley this year, for I did not want to snatch away the favorite perch of our bluebirds. They blessed us with their presence all spring and summer and still remain. After so many years of passing us by, a family selected the bird house that is surrounded by mint and thyme; and there they raised their family. How well I remember burst-

ing into the kitchen last May and shouting ecstatically, "Diane, we're rich!"

Her eyes widened. "You have a publisher for your book!" she exclaimed excitedly.

"No, we have bluebirds!"

Diana's face dropped noticeably. "Oh," was all she could manage to say, which is unusual for she is seldom lost for words. At any rate, she turned back to her cooking, and I returned to the garden to hoe and watch bluebirds. I was satisfied that at least I had attempted to share my joy. For me at least, the return of the bluebirds is a symbol of auspiciousness, and as I look at the summer in retrospect, it was very productive and rewarding. I hope the bluebirds will return again come spring.

Jack Barnes teaches at Bonny Eagle High School. He lives in Hiram with his wife Diana and is compiling a book on Maine writers.

AUTUMN

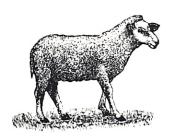
Leaves flare up Ablaze in flaming color. Then, amid the wind, Shake and flutter To the ground.

A season spreads
Along the land.
Apples are ready
For picking.
An abundant harvest.
Barns and silos filled
With hay and wheat.
The long stalks of corn
Alone are left,
Soon to be cut.

Chestnuts and acorns Plop to the ground. Smoked hams Hang from rafters. Bottled jams fill all the shelves. Leaves make walking noisy, Before the raking And burning. Fireplace stirring, Wood piled high. Magnificent richness, While wind chills and howls And rattles Gates and screendoors. Frost approaches. There are less of days. More of darkness. Less outside. More within the farmhouse walls.

Come Autumn.

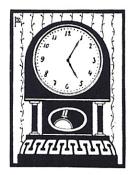
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